



...GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!...



№9 DEC.-JAN.

SPY-HUNTERS

AMERICA'S UNSUNG HEROES

in DARING ACTION...DEADLY INTRIGUE...GLAMOROUS ROMANCE!

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GIVEN!

**ACT NOW
MAIL COUPON!**

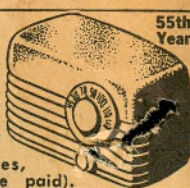
**BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!
WE GIVE YOU CASH
OR PREMIUMS!**

**JIM and
BETTY FIND A NEW
"TREASURE"**



**WE
ARE
RELIABLE!**

Candid Cameras
with Carrying Cases,
Radios (sent postage paid).
Mail coupon to start.



55th
Year



OUR 55th YEAR

Boys! Girls!
Ladies! Men!



**ACT
NOW
55th
YR.**

Lovable Dolls
over 15" high,
Cub Fishing Out-
fits, Genuine 22
Cal. Rifles, Daisy
Air Rifles (sent
postage paid).
Give pictures with
White CLOVERINE
Brand SALVE sold
at 25c a box (with
picture) and
remit per cata-
log sent with
order to start.
It's fun! Easy!
We trust you!
Begin at once!

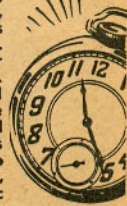
BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bi-
cycles (sent ex-
press charges
collect). Mail
coupon to start.

**NO
MONEY
NOW**

Pocket Watches,
Wrist Watches,
Baseballs, Bats
(sent postage paid).
Other Premiums or
Cash easily yours.
To start, mail
coupon for White
CLOVERINE Brand
SALVE and Pictures
easily sold to
friends, relatives,
neighbors at 25c
a box (with
picture).



**YOUR BIG
CHANGE!**

LOOK!

**START
TODAY!**



Footballs,
Basketballs
(sent postage
paid). Mail coupon to start.



Ukuleles, Jew-
elry, Watches
(sent postage
paid). Mail
coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets,
Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes,
Roller Skates, Blankets, Alumi-
num Ware, Record Players,
Movie Machines (sent
postage paid).
Rush cou-
pon to
start!

**WE
ARE
RELIABLE**

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. A-M-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 13 colorful art
pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand
SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit
amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or
keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium
wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

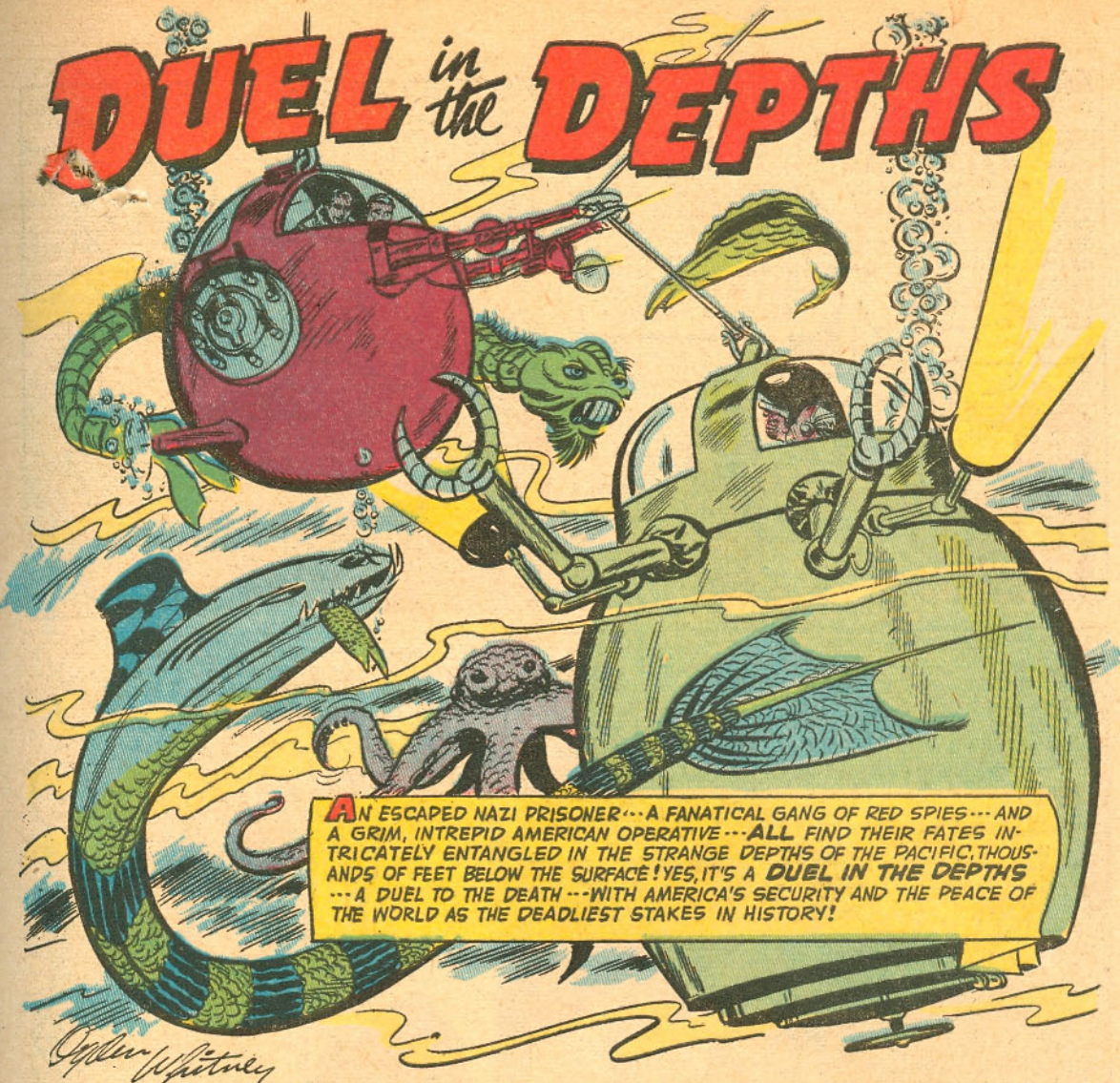
St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST
NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

DUEL *in the* DEPTHS



AN ESCAPED NAZI PRISONER... A FANATICAL GANG OF RED SPIES... AND A GRIM, INTREPID AMERICAN OPERATIVE... **ALL** FIND THEIR FATES INTRICATELY ENTANGLED IN THE STRANGE DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC, THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW THE SURFACE! YES, IT'S A **DUEL IN THE DEPTHS**... A DUEL TO THE DEATH... WITH AMERICA'S SECURITY AND THE PEACE OF THE WORLD AS THE DEADLIEST STAKES IN HISTORY!

IT IS THE DEAD OF NIGHT... IN THE McNEIL ISLAND FEDERAL PENITENTIARY ON THE WEST COAST...

SOON... **SOON** I WILL HAVE MY FREEDOM AGAIN... NO AMERICAN PRISON CAN HOLD A NAZI WITH A MIND LIKE **MINE**! BUT THIS SOIL IS ALMOST AS UNYIELDING AS MY WILL-POWER... MY ARMS TIRE... I'VE DONE ENOUGH DIGGING FOR ONE NIGHT!



AND THEN... ONCE I'M FREE... I'LL ALLY MYSELF WITH THOSE ENEMIES OF AMERICA WHO WILL SOON DEPRIVE ALL THE DEMOCRACIES OF **THEIR** FREEDOM! I'LL BE ONE OF THE ELITE... I'LL HAVE **REVENGE**!



NEXT MORNING, IN THE PRISON OFFICE DIRECTLY ABOVE WILHELM MANNHEIM'S CELL...

WARDEN...**LOOK AT LAST NIGHT'S SEISMOGRAM!** AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF KEEPING A SEISMOGRAPHIC CHECK ON MANNHEIM'S CELL TO DETECT ANY SOUNDS OF DIGGING...WE'VE CAUGHT HIM AT IT! HE'S FINALLY MAKING HIS BREAK... LET'S CRACK DOWN ON HIM!

NO... I'VE GOT SPECIAL ORDERS IN THIS CASE! I'M TO NOTIFY JEROME MAXWELL AT THE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE BUREAU...AND MEANWHILE, ALLOW MANNHEIM TO KEEP ON WITH HIS NIGHTLY EXERCISE...**AS IF WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT!**



NEXT DAY... WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME IT HAPPENED... THE WHOLE COUNTER-ESPIONAGE BUREAU WAS BEGINNING TO THINK THAT THE TOP NAZI SCIENTIST-SPY WE CAUGHT DURING THE WAR WAS **NEVER** GOING TO TRY TO ESCAPE! BUT WHY DID HE CHOOSE **NOW** TO MAKE THE BREAK...HAS HE HAD ANY **NEW VISITORS** LATELY?

WHY, YES... HE'S BEEN VISITED PERIODICALLY BY HIS LAWYER SINCE HIS IMPRISONMENT, BUT LAST WEEK HE HAD SOMEONE **NEW** FOR THE FIRST TIME!



I FOLLOWED YOUR INSTRUCTIONS TO TAKE SECRET PHOTOGRAPHS OF ANY VISITORS MANNHEIM HAD... AND HERE'S THE ONE I TOOK OF LAST WEEK'S VISITOR! HIS NAME WAS **RODNEY BROOKS**... CLAIMED TO BE A MAGAZINE WRITER FROM SEATTLE, DOING A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON HOW SPIES ARE FARING IN U.S. PRISONS!

GOOD WORK, WARDEN...I'LL START CHECKING ON HIM RIGHT AWAY! HOW MUCH TIME DO I HAVE BEFORE MANNHEIM CAN GET OUT AT HIS PRESENT RATE OF DIGGING?

WELL, SINCE HE'S DOING ALL THAT BACK-BREAKING WORK BY HIMSELF, IT'S SAFE TO SAY THAT IT'LL TAKE HIM AT LEAST 3 WEEKS TO DIG OUT TO A POINT BEYOND THE WALL!

GOOD...THAT GIVES ME **PLENTY** OF TIME! UNTIL I GET BACK FROM SEATTLE, JUST KEEP ON ACTING AS IF YOU KNOW NOTHING OF HIS ESCAPE PLAN!



THREE DAYS LATER, ON THE SEATTLE WATERFRONT...

WELL, IT CERTAINLY WASN'T HARD GETTING ON BROOKS' TRAIL, AND IT WASN'T HARD FINDING OUT THAT HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS DAYS INSPECTING SMALL SHIPS IN THE HARBOR! BUT NOW LET'S SEE HOW HARD IT'LL BE FOR A **DRUNKEN STEVEDORE** TO GET WHAT HE WANTS FROM BROOKS!



OOOPS... SHO SHORRY...!

WHY, YOU... YOU CLUMSY, DRUNKEN OAF...



MAYBE **THIS** WILL TEACH YOU TO WATCH WHERE YOU WALK IN THE FUTURE!

OWWW!

STOP... LET HIM ALONE!





WHAT KIND OF MAN ARE YOU TO HIT A HELPLESS DRUNK? I WON'T EVEN **DISCUSS** SELLING MY SHIP TO SOMEONE LIKE **YOU!**

WELL, YOU AREN'T THE **ONLY** BOAT-OWNER IN SEATTLE... BUT YOU'RE PROBABLY THE **ONLY FOOL** TO TURN DOWN AN OFFER LIKE MINE!

YOU'RE **ANOTHER** FOOL, RODNEY, M'BOY... A SUCKER FOR THE OLDEST POCKET-PICKING, WALLET-LIFTING TRICK!

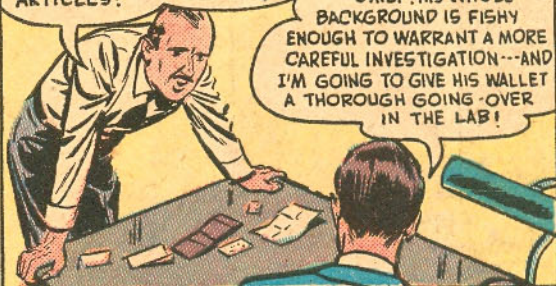
NEXT DAY, IN THE NORTHWEST REGIONAL COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE OFFICE...

FROM THE CONTENTS OF BROOKS' WALLET AND ALL THE OTHER INFORMATION OUR AGENTS COULD GATHER, ALL WE KNOW OF HIS BACKGROUND IS THAT HE SEEMS TO HAVE LIVED IN NEUTRAL COUNTRIES DURING THE WAR...AND ONLY RECENTLY CAME TO THE U.S. AFTER A TOUR BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN, WHERE HE WAS SUPPOSEDLY GATHERING MATERIAL FOR A SERIES OF MAGAZINE ARTICLES!

YES, BUT NOT **ONE** OF THOSE ARTICLES

EVER APPEARED,

CHIEF! HIS WHOLE BACKGROUND IS FISHY ENOUGH TO WARRANT A MORE CAREFUL INVESTIGATION...AND I'M GOING TO GIVE HIS WALLET A THOROUGH GOING-OVER IN THE LAB!



WHENEVER PAPER WITH INKED WRITING ON IT LIES IN CLOSE CONTACT WITH A RECEPTIVE SURFACE LIKE LEATHER, THE INK ALWAYS SUFFUSES CHLORIDES AND SULPHATES ONTO THE SURFACE...LEAVING INVISIBLE TRACES OF THE WRITING! AND WHEN I TEAR THIS WALLET

APART AND TREAT IT WITH A SOLUTION OF NITRIC, CITRIC AND TARTARIC ACIDS IN SILVER NITRATE...I MAY GET A PHOTOGRAPHABLE IMAGE OF THE WRITING THAT BROOKS CARRIED AROUND WITH HIM ON HIS TRIP BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN!



HOURS LATER...

THERE IT IS, CHIEF... A COPY OF WRITING THAT LAY AGAINST BROOKS' WALLET RECENTLY!

GREAT SCOTT, JERRY...THAT WRITING IS IN **SLAVONIAN!** LET'S GET THIS OVER TO OUR BUREAU TRANSLATOR...**FAST!**



THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, SIR...THIS WRITING IDENTIFIES BROOKS AS A TOP COMMUNIST **SPY**...AND ORDERS EVERY RED AGENCY TO GIVE HIM FULLEST COOPERATION!

WHEN! A TOP RED SPY... VISITING THE TOP NAZI SCIENTIST-SPY...WHO PROMPTLY STARTS ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE! CHIEF...THIS SPELLS OUT **TROUBLE!**

YOU'RE OUR BEST TROUBLE-SHOOTER... GET TO WORK AND TRY TO FIGURE IT ALL OUT!



IT JUST DOESN'T ADD UP! MANNHEIM WAS THE TOP NAZI OCEANOGRAPHER BEFORE THE WAR, AND CAME HERE TO STEAL NAVY SECRETS OF BATHYSPHERES AND BENTHOSCOPIES...DEEP-SEA DIVING SPHERES! WE KNOW HE MANAGED TO STEAL THOSE SECRETS, AND HE HAD A COUPLE OF MONTHS TO TRANSMIT THEM TO ANOTHER AGENT BEFORE WE FINALLY CAUGHT HIM...BUT WHERE'S HIS TIEUP WITH THE **REDS?**

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, JERRY...AND IT'S ALL GOING TO DEPEND ON **YOU!** I WANT YOU TO LET **MANNHEIM ESCAPE!**



TELL THE WARDEN TO ALLOW HIM TO DIG WITHOUT INTERFERENCE...AND TO MAKE HIS BREAK WITH ONLY TOKEN RESISTANCE BY THE GUARDS! THEN **YOU** HAVE TO TRAIL HIM, JERRY...WITHOUT AROUSING HIS SUSPICIONS! HE'LL PROBABLY LEAD YOU TO THE ENTIRE RED GANG, AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO NAB THEM ALL AT ONE SWOOP! BUT REMEMBER...UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE YOU TO ALLOW HIM TO ESCAPE THE COUNTRY...WE CAN'T TAKE **THAT** MUCH OF A CHANCE WITH THE COUNTRY'S SECURITY!



NEXT EVENING...

I'VE GIVEN ALL THE GUARDS THEIR ORDERS...WHEN MANNHEIM MAKES HIS ESCAPE, THEY'RE TO FIRE ONLY OVER HIS HEAD! BUT IT WON'T HAPPEN FOR AT LEAST ANOTHER WEEK...THAT HARD EARTH IS SLOWING HIS DIGGING DOWN!

FINE...THAT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PERFECT MY PLANS FOR TRAILING HIM! BUT RIGHT NOW I THINK I'LL ~~TRY~~ IN...I'VE GOT A HARD DAY AHEAD OF ME!



BUT THAT NIGHT, ON THE SHORE OF THE TINY PRISON ISLAND...

WELL, IS EVERYTHING ON TIME...HOW GOES THE DIGGING?

WE'RE EXACTLY ON THE SCHEDULE YOU GAVE US, COMRADE! MAXIM AND ANTON ARE ALMOST THROUGH WITH **THEIR** END OF THE DIGGING...THEY WILL STRIKE THROUGH TO MEET MANNHEIM'S TUNNEL WITHIN FIVE MINUTES!



AT LAST!...I HAD BEGUN TO FEAR THAT BROOKS HAD MISCALCULATED...THAT OUR TWO TUNNELS WERE OFF A FEW YARDS AND WOULD NEVER MEET!

COMRADE BROOKS **NEVER** MIS-CALCULATES! HURRY, COMRADE...A BOAT AWAITS YOU!

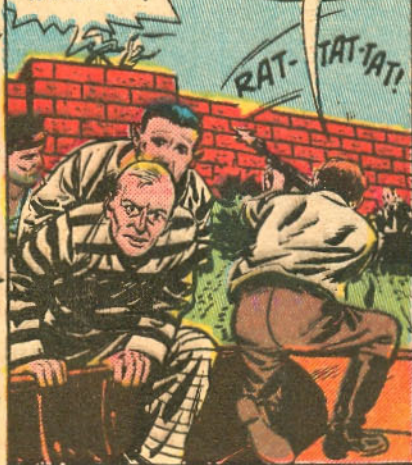


THAT'S THE **ESCAPE SIREN!** SOMEONE'S MAKING A BREAK...AND IT BETTER NOT BE **MANNHEIM!**

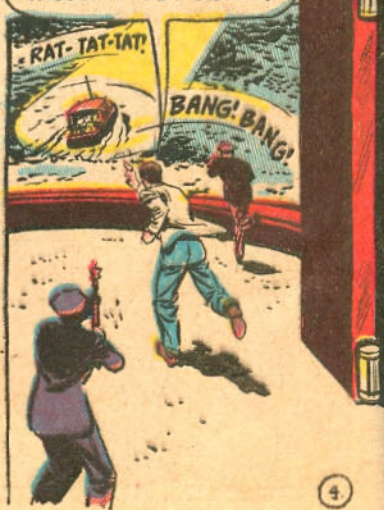


IT'S **MANNHEIM!** THEY'VE GOT A BOAT...**YAAGHHH!**

HURRY...GET THE BOAT STARTED!



STOP THEM...THEY MUSTN'T GET AWAY!



IT'S TOO LATE...EVEN IF I FOLLOWED THEM IN A PRISON LAUNCH NOW, THEY'D BE ABLE TO LAND IN SOME INLET WITHOUT A CHANCE OF MY FINDING THEM IN THIS DARKNESS! BUT HOW IN BLAZES WAS MANNHEIM ABLE TO DIG HIS WAY OUT SO QUICKLY...A WEEK BEFORE HE WAS EXPECTED TO?



THERE'S THE EVIDENCE THAT SHOWS HOW IT WAS DONE...**FOUR SHOVELS!** HIS CONFEDERATES MUST HAVE STOLEN UP HERE EACH NIGHT TO DIG IN AND MEET MANNHEIM'S TUNNEL...AND HIS SOUNDS MASKED THE SOUNDS OF THEIR DIGGING FROM THE SEISMOGRAPH!



WELL, THEY SURE MADE A FOOL OF ME...MAKING THE BREAK BEFORE I WAS READY TO FOLLOW THEM! AND NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET ON THEIR TRAIL...BY TRYING TO LOCATE **BROOKS** AGAIN!

ALL THE NEXT DAY... HANG IT... **SOMEONE** ALONG THE SEATTLE WATERFRONT OUGHT TO RECOGNIZE **BROOKS'** PICTURE! HE WAS TRYING TO BUY A SHIP WHEN I FIRST BUMPED INTO HIM...AND HE MUST HAVE SUCCEEDED IN GETTING ONE BEFORE HE HELPED MANNHEIM BREAK OUT! I'VE GOT TO FIND THE MAN WHO SOLD HIM THAT SHIP!



FINALLY... WHY, YES... **THAT'S** THE MAN I SOLD MY NEW DEEP-SEA-DIVING SCHOONER TO LAST WEEK! AFTER HE PAID ME COLD CASH FOR IT, HE LOADED A HUGE, CRAZY-LOOKING DIVING-BELL ON IT...AND LEFT PORT ONLY LAST NIGHT!



A DIVING-BELL, EH? LISTEN, CAPTAIN...THIS IS OF THE UTMOST URGENCY...I WANT THE FULLEST POSSIBLE DESCRIPTION OF YOUR SHIP!

AND AT HEADQUARTERS... YOU MADE A MESS OF THIS CASE, JERRY! THE WHOLE COUNTRY MIGHT BE IN DEADLY DANGER NOW THAT THE REDS HAVE THE SERVICES OF MANNHEIM...HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!



I'LL KNOW, TOO, CHIEF...IF YOU ONLY GIVE ME A CHANCE AND KEEP ME ON THE CASE! GIVE ME A FREE HAND AND THE FULL COOPERATION OF ALL SERVICES AND I'LL BUST UP THAT BUDDING PLOT...OR **DIE TRYING!**

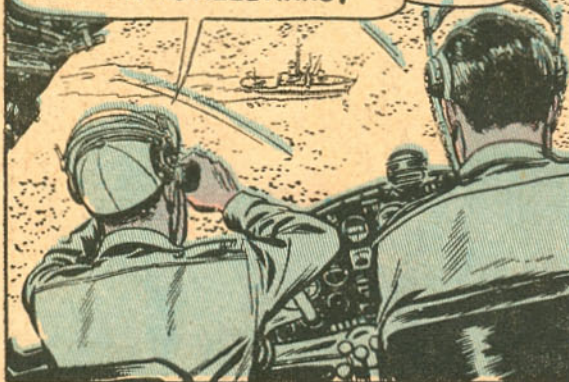
OKAY...I'LL PLAY A HUNCH AND GIVE YOU THE GREEN LIGHT! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

FIRST OFF, I WANT YOU TO GET EVERY NAVY AND ARMY PLANE IN THIS AREA OUT SEARCHING THE PACIFIC FOR THAT SHIP **BROOKS** SAILED OFF IN...I'LL GIVE YOU THE COMPLETE DESCRIPTION! AND THEN, HAVE THE FASTEST NAVY DIVING SHIP ON THE COAST, EQUIPPED WITH THE LATEST DEEP-SEA DIVING BENTHOSCOPE, STAND BY FOR ME...**READY FOR ACTION!**



BY NEXT MORNING...

THERE'S THAT SHIP WE WERE TOLD TO SEARCH FOR! IT FITS THE DESCRIPTION PERFECTLY...EVEN TO THAT HUGE DIVING-BELL LASHED TO ITS DECK! RADIO OUR BASE THAT SHE'S 120 MILES WEST OF THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS AND HEADING FOR THE GULF OF ALASKA...FOR THE **ALEUTIANS!**



THE AIR RECONNAISSANCE REPORTS WE'RE GETTING SHOW THAT WE'RE GAINING ON YOUR QUARRY FAST...THERE'S PRACTICALLY NOTHING ON THE SEAS THAT CAN MATCH THE SPEED OF A SWEET LITTLE CUTTER LIKE **THIS ONE!** BUT TELL ME, WHAT'S THE PURPOSE OF HAVING THE LATEST NAVY BENTHOSCOPE ABOARD?

JUST IN CASE I **NEED IT!** WE'VE HAD REPORTS THAT THE SHIP AHEAD OF US HAS A STRANGELY-DESIGNED DEEP-SEA DIVING BELL...AND IF THEY'RE GOING TO GO UNDERWATER TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK, I WANT TO BE RIGHT THERE TO **STOP THEM!**



HAH... THE STUPID FOOLS! THEY MANAGED TO GET ON OUR TRAIL, BUT LOOK WHAT THEY SEND AFTER US...A PUNY, UNARMED CUTTER!

THE AMERICANS HAVE **ALWAYS** BEEN FOOLS! THEY NEVER KNEW THAT WITH THE AID OF THEIR NAVY BENTHOSCOPE SECRETS THAT I STOLE, I WAS ABLE TO DESIGN A RADICALLY NEW TYPE OF DIVING-BELL...CAPABLE OF DESCENDING TO A DEPTH OF BELOW 10,000 FEET! AND THEY NEVER EVEN **GUESSED** THAT BEFORE MY ARREST, I TRANSMITTED THOSE PLANS TO MY LAWYER, WITH ORDERS TO PASS THEM ON TO THE **REDS** IF THE NAZIS LOST THE WAR!



AN HOUR LATER...

YOUR CREDENTIAL ARE IN ORDER, MR. MAXWELL...AND I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO PLACE MY ENTIRE SHIP COMPLETELY AT YOUR DISPOSAL!

FINE, CAPTAIN... I WANT YOU TO PROCEED AT **TOP SPEED TOWARDS THE ALEUTIANS!** NAVY PLANES WILL KEEP RADIOING YOU THE POSITION OF THE SHIP WE'RE AFTER... AND WE'VE GOT TO CATCH UP TO THEM BEFORE THEY GET TO THEIR DESTINATION...WHEREVER THAT IS!



FINALLY...

THAT'S OUR BABY, CAPTAIN! STAY AS CLOSE BEHIND HER AS YOU CAN!

THAT'S ALL WE **CAN** DO! WE DON'T CARRY ANYTHING BUT PISTOLS ABOARD THIS SHIP... BUT EVEN IF WE **WERE** ARMED, WE CAN'T TOUCH THEM AS LONG AS THEY STAY OUTSIDE THE 3-MILE LIMIT!



YOU DID AN **EXCELLENT** JOB OF SECRETLY BUILDING THE DIVING-BELL ACCORDING TO MY PLANS, BROOKS... AND SOON I WILL FULFILL **MY** PART OF OUR AGREEMENT! AS THE GREATEST AUTHORITY ON **OCEANIC TRENCHES**...THOSE ENORMOUSLY DEEP DEPRESSIONS ALONG THE EDGES OF SOME CONTINENTS...I AM **CERTAIN** OF THE EXISTENCE OF A HUGE GEOSYNCLINAL FAULT IN THE TRENCH JUST $3\frac{1}{2}$ MILES OFF UNIMAK ISLAND! AND JUST ONE HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BLOCKBUSTER, PLACED IN THAT LINE OF WEAK STRUCTURE 10,000 FEET DOWN, WILL START A CHAIN REACTION **THAT WILL SEND ALL THE ALEUTIAN ISLANDS CRUMBLING INTO THE SEA!**



YES, AND **WITH** THE ALEUTIANS WILL GO ALL THE NAVAL AND AIR BASES THAT PROTECT UNDEFENDED ALASKA! WHEN WE ARE READY TO ATTACK, WE WILL DETONATE THE BLOCKBUSTER YOU WILL SOON BE PLACING IN THE FAULT---AND ALL OF ALASKA WILL BE OURS---TO USE AS A BASE FOR ATOMIC AND LAND ATTACKS AGAINST AMERICA!

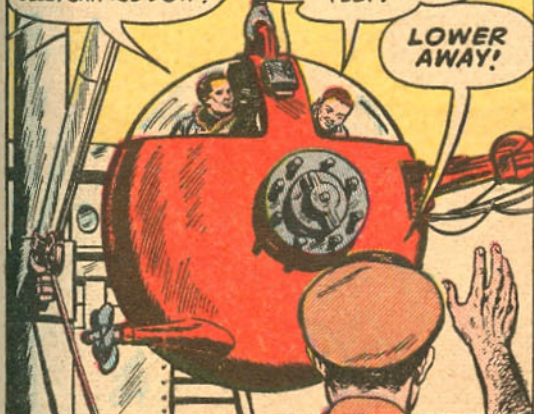
JA---NOW THAT THE RED ARMIES AND NAZI BRAINS ARE ON THE SAME SIDE, WHERE THEY BELONG, THE **WORLD** WILL SOON BE OURS---TO DO WITH AS WE PLEASE!



AS SOON AS WE HIT THE WATER, I'D LIKE YOU TO GET AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE TO THE OTHER DIVING-BELL! CAN YOU DO IT?

CAN WE? THIS LITTLE SELF-PROPELLED, FLOATING BATHTUB CAN DO EVERYTHING BUT THE **RHUMBA** UP TO A DEPTH OF 5,000 FEET!

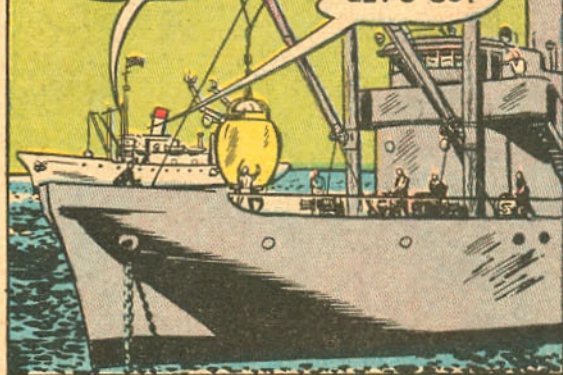
LOWER AWAY!



FINALLY---

LOOK---THEY'VE HALTED JUST 3 1/2 MILES OFF UNIMAK---AND THEY'RE PREPARING TO LOWER THEIR DIVING BELL!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO---TRY TO FOLLOW IT DOWN IN **OUR** BENTHOSCOPE AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO! GET ME YOUR BEST BENTHOSCOPE OFFICER---AND **LET'S GO!**



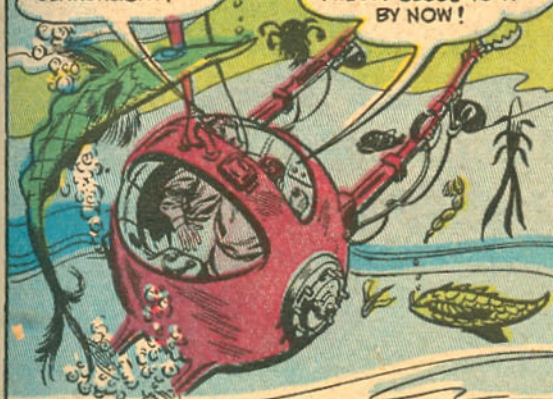
AND A MOMENT LATER---



DOWN---DOWN LIKE A PLUMMETING SHOT---ONE THOUSAND FEET---TWO THOUSAND---**THREE---**

GREAT SCOTT! JUST LOOK AT THOSE WEIRD FISHES ATTRACTED TO OUR SEARCHLIGHT!

BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR THE OTHER DIVING-BELL---WE SHOULD BE GETTING PRETTY CLOSE TO IT BY NOW!



FOUR THOUSAND---FIVE---

HEY! WH---WHAT'S WRONG? HARD TO BREATHE---CHOKING---

THE PRESSURE---WE CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE OF IT! WE'RE DOWN TO FIVE THOUSAND---ABOUT OUR LIMIT!





MEANWHILE, AT THE 5,000 FOOT LEVEL...

CAPTAIN...CAN YOU HEAR ME? GOOD...LISTEN, I'VE LOST CONTACT WITH THE SPY SPHERE...IT WENT DOWN TO A FANTASTIC DEPTH...WHERE OUR BENTHOSCOPE WOULD CRACK LIKE AN EGGSHELL! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO NOW...YOU'VE GOT TO TRY TO FIND **THEIR** RADIO WAVE-LENGTH...AND LISTEN IN IF THEIR SPHERE TRIES CONTACTING ITS SHIP!

RIGHT, JERRY...WILL DO!



LATER, 5,000 FEET BELOW THE NAVY DIVING BELL...

BROOKS, CAN YOU HEAR ME? LISTEN...I FOUND IT...I FOUND THE HUGE LINE OF WEAKNESS IN THE OCEANIC TRENCH...JUST WHERE I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE! I'M GOING TO START THE MECHANISM THAT WILL FORCE THE BLOCKBUSTER OUT OF THE SAFETY-LOCK AND INTO THE FAULT...I'LL RADIO YOU TO LIFT ME BACK UP WHEN I'M FINISHED! BUT MEANWHILE, YOU CAN CONSIDER THE ALEUTIANS AS ALREADY **DOOMED!** SIGNING OFF...



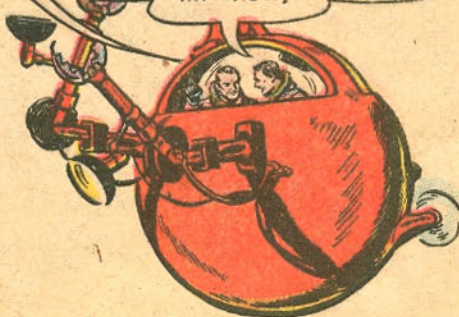
...YES, I HEARD EVERY WORD OF IT! AND CRAZY AS IT MAY SOUND, HE SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT HE WAS TALKING ABOUT! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE ANY CHANCES, JERRY...THE ALEUTIANS ARE **VITAL** TO AMERICA'S DEFENSE! **YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THEM SOME WAY...ANY WAY!**

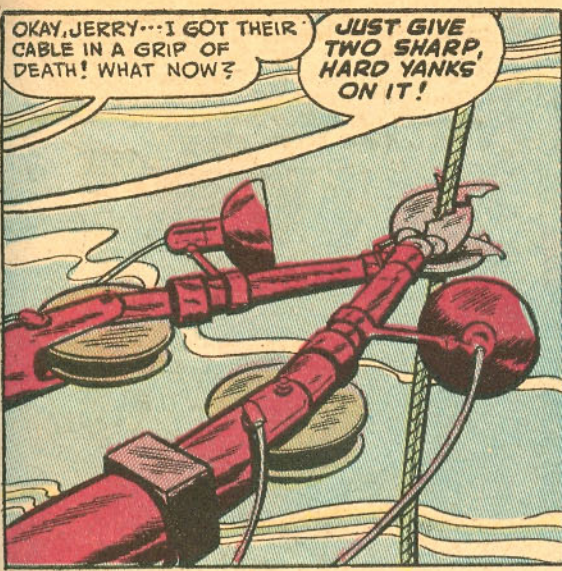
I THINK I **KNOW** THE WAY, CAPTAIN! JUST HAVE YOUR RADIO OPERATOR **JAM THEIR FREQUENCY**...AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THINGS ON **MY** END!



LISTEN...THOSE TWO GRIPPERS YOU HAVE PROTRUDING FROM THE BENTHOSCOPE...CAN YOU USE THEM TO GRAB HOLD OF THE CABLE LEADING TO **THEIR** DIVING-BELL?

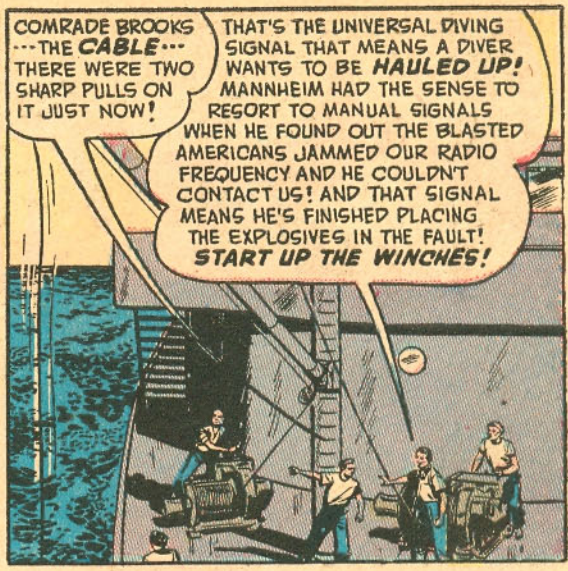
SURE! WE USE THEM TO CLEAR AWAY VEGETATION IN OUR WAY, OR TO COLLECT SEA-FLOOR SAMPLES...BUT I CAN MAKE 'EM DO ANYTHING EXCEPT SCRATCH MY BACK!





OKAY, JERRY... I GOT THEIR CABLE IN A GRIP OF DEATH! WHAT NOW?

JUST GIVE TWO SHARP, HARD YANKS ON IT!



COMRADE BROOKS... THE CABLE... THERE WERE TWO SHARP PULLS ON IT JUST NOW!

THAT'S THE UNIVERSAL DIVING SIGNAL THAT MEANS A DIVER WANTS TO BE **HAULED UP!** MANNHEIM HAD THE SENSE TO RESORT TO MANUAL SIGNALS WHEN HE FOUND OUT THE BLASTED AMERICANS JAMMED OUR RADIO FREQUENCY AND HE COULDN'T CONTACT US! AND THAT SIGNAL MEANS HE'S FINISHED PLACING THE EXPLOSIVES IN THE FAULT! **START UP THE WINCHES!**



EH...? HIMMEL... I'M RISING!

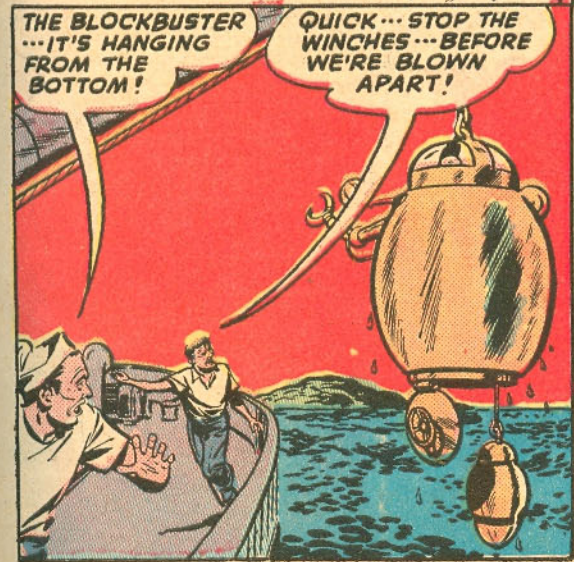


BROOKS... STOP RAISING ME... I HAVEN'T FINISHED YET! THE EXPLOSIVES ARE HANGING FROM THE SPHERE... YOU'LL BLOW ME TO BITS! **BROOKS... ACH... I CAN'T GET THROUGH TO HIM... THE RADIO MUST BE JAMMED! BROOKS!**



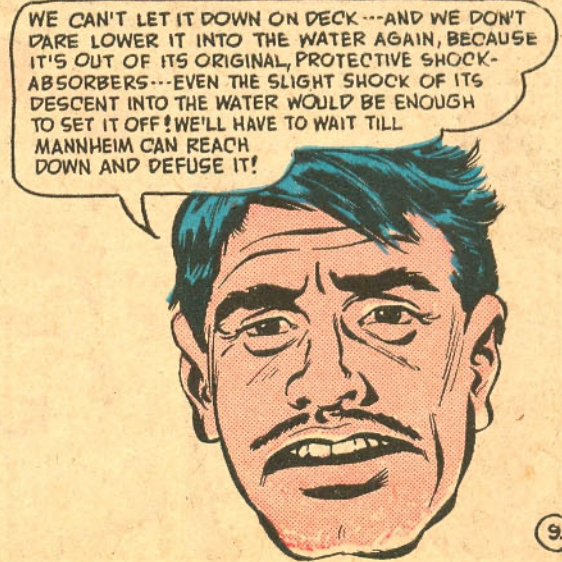
LOOK, JERRY... IT **WORKED!** THERE HE GOES... HE DIDN'T GET A CHANCE TO PLACE THAT BLOCKBUSTER IN THE FAULT... IT'S DANGLING FROM HIS SPHERE!

HURRY... RADIO OUR SHIP TO HAUL US UP! I WANT TO BE IN ON THE FIREWORKS WHEN THEIR SPHERE BREAKS THE SURFACE!



THE BLOCKBUSTER... IT'S HANGING FROM THE BOTTOM!

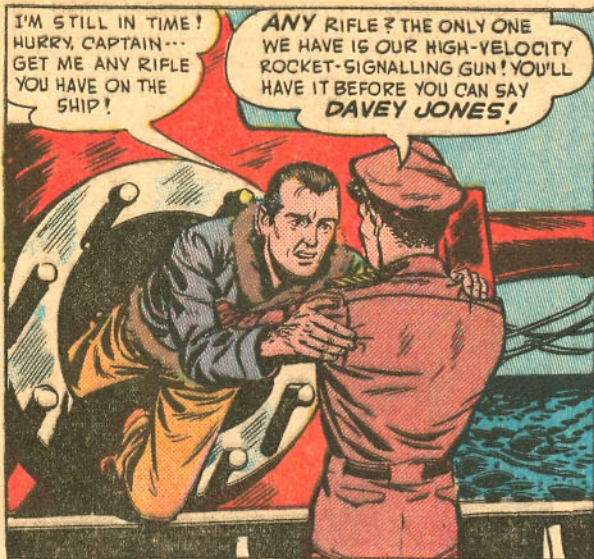
QUICK... STOP THE WINCHES... BEFORE WE'RE BLOWN APART!



WE CAN'T LET IT DOWN ON DECK... AND WE DON'T DARE LOWER IT INTO THE WATER AGAIN, BECAUSE IT'S OUT OF ITS ORIGINAL, PROTECTIVE SHOCK-ABSORBERS... EVEN THE SLIGHT SHOCK OF ITS DESCENT INTO THE WATER WOULD BE ENOUGH TO SET IT OFF! WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MANNHEIM CAN REACH DOWN AND DEFUSE IT!

I'M STILL IN TIME!
HURRY, CAPTAIN...
GET ME ANY RIFLE
YOU HAVE ON THE
SHIP!

ANY RIFLE? THE ONLY ONE
WE HAVE IS OUR HIGH-VELOCITY
ROCKET-SIGNALLING GUN! YOU'LL
HAVE IT BEFORE YOU CAN SAY
DAVEY JONES!



AHOY, THERE! I HAVE
A RIFLE TRAINED ON
YOUR BOMB! ABANDON
YOUR SHIP AND
SURRENDER...
OR I'LL FIRE!



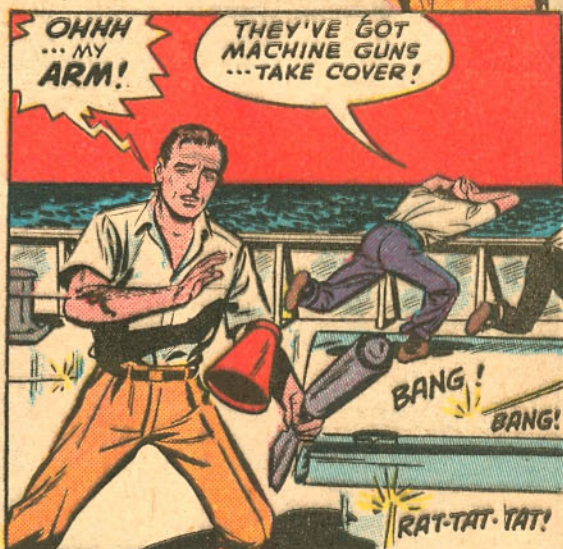
HOLD THEM OFF! IT WILL TAKE ME
FIVE MINUTES TO REMOVE THE
FUSE...AND THEN WE CAN ESCAPE
AND TRY AGAIN LATER!

QUICK...
BREAK OUT
THE RIFLES
AND MACHINE-
GUNS! MOW
DOWN EVERY-
ONE ON THEIR
DECK!



OH... MY
ARM!

THEY'VE GOT
MACHINE GUNS
...TAKE COVER!



THEIR FIRE...IT'S MURDEROUS
...BUT IF... I CAN GET OFF...
JUST ONE SHOT...

Z-ZING

BANG!

WHOOSH!



BA-ROOM!



YOU DID IT, JERRY...ALASKA AND
THE ALEUTIANS ARE **SAFE** NOW!

AND YOU CAN WRITE OFF THE
DEADLIEST DUO OF SPIES
THAT EVER MENACED
AMERICA! IF EVER I WAS
PROUD OF BEING A U.S.
COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE
OPERATIVE...IT'S
NOW!



The End!
10

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"SAVING THE
FARMER'S CROP"



AT A SMALL
RURAL
AIRPORT,
TWO
CUNNING
SCHEMERS
WATCH A CROP-
DUSTING
PLANE
TAKE OFF
FOR
FARMER
JONES'
FIELDS...

WE DID IT, BOSS!
THAT PILOT DOESN'T
KNOW IT - BUT HE'S
GOT A SPRAY-TANK
FULL OF PLANT KILLER
--NOT BUG POISON!

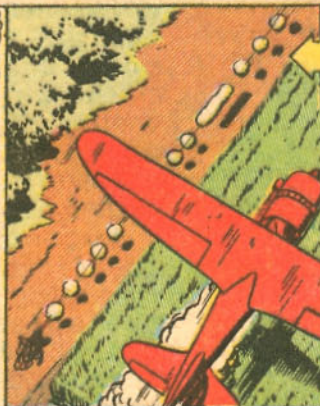
WELL, JONES WANTS HIS
CROPS SPRAYED--AND I
WANT HIS CUSTOMERS! THIS
OUGHT TO PUT HIM OUT OF
BUSINESS FOR A WHILE!

BUT DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BIKE CLUB
BOYS OVERHEAR THE SINISTER PLOT AND--

FELLAS, YOU GET THE POLICE
AFTER THOSE TWO, WHILE I
HOP ON MY JET-PROPELLED
BIKE AND CATCH UP
WITH THAT PLANE!



HE'S STARTING TO SPRAY
THE CROPS-- GOTTA
STOP HIM BEFORE HE
DOES TOO MUCH
DAMAGE!



ROYAL RACES ALONG THE ROAD AT THE
CROP'S EDGE AND-- WITH HIS JET EXHAUST
-- SPELLS OUT A MORSE CODE WARNING
TO THE UNSUSPECTING PILOT!



WHAT'S GOING
ON DOWN--
S-T-O-P..
GUESS I'D BETTER
LAND AND SEE
WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!

LATER...

MR. JONES, I HATE
TO THINK WHAT I'D HAVE
DONE TO YOUR CROP IF IT
HADN'T BEEN FOR ROYAL'S
TERRIFIC SPEED AND THOSE
JET SIGNALS!

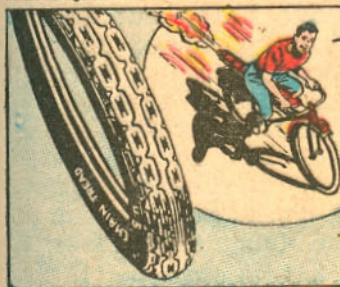
AND THANKS TO THE
SPEED OF THE BOYS
HERE, THE MEN BEHIND
THIS PLOT ARE NOW
BEHIND BARS!



FELLAS, FOR TOP SPEED-- SURE
FOOTING-- AND SPLIT-SECOND
CONTROL-- YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES,
WITH THAT SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN!



"TAKE MY TIP ON BIKE TIRES--
TAKE THE TIRE WITH THE BUILT-
IN SKID CHAIN"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL



NO WONDER U.S. ROYALS ARE TOPS
IN BIKE TIRES... THAT BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN GIVES QUICKER, SURER
STOPS ON ANY SURFACE. GET
YOUR U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

HOT on the TRAIL

IT WAS while he was wandering around the crowded railroad terminal that John Morton suddenly saw the spy he'd been searching for all month. Carefully keeping an eye on the man, Morton strolled over to the water fountain and remoistened the small wad of wet cotton he'd been keeping in his pocket. Then, with the wad concealed in his hand, he casually approached his quarry, who was looking the other way... and bumped squarely into him.

"Oops!" Morton exclaimed. "So sorry... say... you're Thordin... the man I'm looking for!"

Morton quickly shoved one hand into the pocket where he kept his gun, and gripped Thordin's arm tightly with his other hand. "I'm from the U. S. Counter-Espionage Service," he said grimly. "Come along quietly now!"

Thordin looked around desperately, and then apparently decided to give in without a struggle. Morton knew that the spy hadn't been alone, and that it would be impossible to pick the other conspirators out of that vast crowd... so he deliberately began leading Thordin into the dark underground passageway leading out of the terminal, instead of using the busy, brightly-lit main exit. The only way to lure the other spies into the open was to use himself as spy-bait!

In the shadowy, deserted passage, Morton soon began to hear stealthy foot-steps behind him and Thordin... but he gave no sign that he heard them.

A moment later, a gun was jabbed cruelly into his spine, and a menacing voice grated out, "Take your hand out of your

pocket and keep walking quietly along... or you're a dead man!" Morton obeyed the command.

Outside, Morton was shoved into the car that had been waiting for the three spies, and Thordin grinned evilly. "We'll drive out to the quarry... no one will hear a gunshot out there!"

It took them just half an hour to get out into the country, and Morton knew that he had moistened the cotton wad just enough. If he could only postpone the shooting until...

The car suddenly jerked to a stop. Thordin said, "Get out, fool! Stand at the edge of the quarry, so we won't have the bother of pushing your body over!"

Morton kept stumbling to the ground in feigned fear... consuming precious minutes... as the spies pushed him to the quarry edge, laughing at his terror. But suddenly, Morton heard an explosion behind him... and a shriek of pain!

In one diving flashing moment, before the other two spies could recover from their surprise, Morton was on top of them like a wildcat, lashing out until they were disarmed and he had them covered.

Then, as he saw the two spies looking down in bewilderment at the smoldering body of Thordin, Morton explained grimly, "If you rats hadn't tried to free Thordin, I'd have taken out the moist gun-cotton I dropped into his pocket when I bumped into him! I knew that in half an hour, the moisture would evaporate, igniting the tiny bit of yellow phosphorous inside the wad... and resulting in a gun-cotton explosion and a long, hot flame! Yes, I sure was hot on your trail!"

Jonathan Kent

Espionage
Ace



It's hard to believe that only ten years ago, Mussolini had carved out a fascist empire in Africa -- twice as large as Texas! And as **JONATHAN KENT** finds out -- it's even harder to believe that this empire will be given up without a struggle -- sparked by a Blackshirt plot that pledges death to those who oppose it!

PHONE, KENT! IT'S **MAJOR ORSINI** AGAIN!

BLAZES! THIS IS THE THIRD TIME ORSINI'S ASKED ME TO COME TO HIS HOME ABOUT AN IMPORTANT MATTER --AND THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO EXPLAIN I'M TOO BUSY!

HERE'S ALL THE DOPE I HAVE ON ORSINI, CHIEF-- JUST HIS ADDRESS, AND A RECORD OF HIS PHONE CALLS! **YOU'RE** THE ONE WHO ASSIGNS THE WORK IN THIS BULLPEN -- SO SUPPOSE **YOU** MAKE THE EXCUSES?

FAIR ENOUGH, KENT! I'LL TRY TO STALL HIM!

MAJOR ORSINI, THIS IS JOHN PRESCOTT -- COUNTERESPIONAGE CHIEF! MR. KENT HAS LEFT WORD THAT HE'LL BE AROUND AS SOON AS HE CLEARS UP HIS PRESENT CASE!

PLEASE BEAR IN MIND THAT IT'S **VITAL!** ARE YOU SURE YOU HAVE THE RIGHT ADDRESS?

CERTAINLY -- 830 HAMILTON ROAD! YOU CAN COUNT ON SEEING KENT WITHIN A FEW DAYS, MAJOR ORSINI!

THANK YOU--THANK YOU VERY MUCH!

WISH I KNEW WHETHER OR NOT ORSINI'S A CRACKPOT, KENT! IF WHAT HE HAS TO SAY IS SO URGENT, IT SEEMS STRANGE HE'S CONTENT TO PHONE EVERY DAY-- INSTEAD OF COMING PERSONALLY TO HEADQUARTERS!

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT'S STRANGE, CHIEF! SINCE I'M THE ONE ORSINI HAS BEEN PHONING -- WHY WOULD HE ASSUME YOU KNEW HIS RIGHT ADDRESS?

THAT I CAN'T ANSWER-- UNLESS HE'S NUTS!

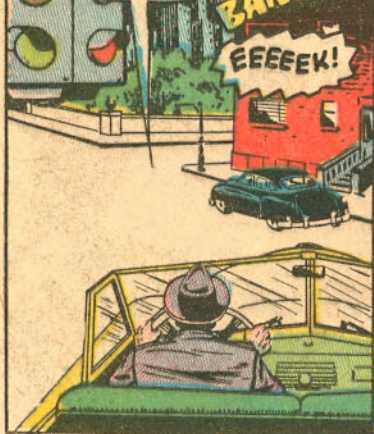
BUT SUPPOSE THAT WASN'T ORSINI? SUPPOSE WE WERE JUST NUTS ENOUGH TO HAVE GIVEN ORSINI'S ADDRESS TO SOMEONE WHO HAD A HUNCH HE'S BEEN IN TOUCH WITH US-- **SOMEONE WHO'S AFTER HIM?**



Minutes later--

THAT'S PROBABLY ORSINI'S PLACE! GREAT GUNS -- NOW I'M SURE OF IT!

BANG!
EEEEEEK!



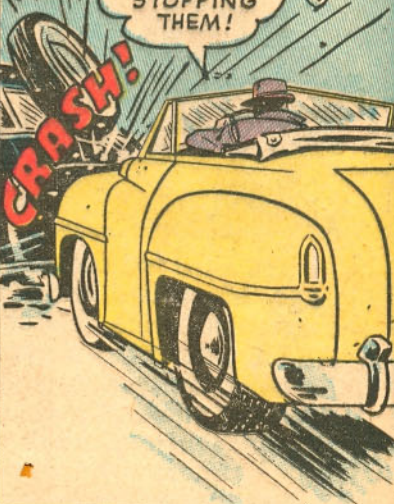
ONE LESS TRAITOR TO DEFILE THE MEMORY OF MUSSOLINI! **START THE CAR!**

WHATEVER'S GOING ON HERE -- I CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE ON STOPPING THEM WITH A FAST SHOT!



With unchecked speed --

--BUT I AM STOPPING THEM!



UN'AGENTE AMERICANO!

BUSTER-- THAT SPELLS TROUBLE IN ANY LANGUAGE!

BANG!



AND IN CASE YOU CAN'T SPELL -- I MEAN **THIS!**





I'M AN EXPERT AT FILLING IN GAPS, HONEY! TRY TO RELAX--AND START FROM THE BEGINNING!

THE BEGINNING ...WELL, I WAS JUST A CHILD OF TEN BACK IN 1940--WHEN MY FATHER'S REGIMENT LEFT ITALY TO JOIN THE AXIS ARMIES FIGHTING THE BRITISH IN AFRICA...

"Fascism--Mussolini--and the war itself had very little meaning to me! But I remember my father's words as he turned in the doorway..."

CARA MIA, POLITICS HAVE NO PLACE IN MY LIFE! AS AN OFFICER OF THE ITALIAN ARMY, IT IS MY SWORN DUTY TO FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY--AND FOR **IL DUCE!** BUT IN MY HEART, I TRY TO THINK I AM FIGHTING FOR **YOU**--AND LITTLE ELENA!

"Two years later, my mother was killed in a bombing raid! Without parents, without a home, and without hope, I joined the army of waifs roaming aimlessly through the cities of Italy! Then both Hitler and Mussolini were crushed--and I learned what Democracy could mean when the new Italian Republic was set up! I gave up trying to find my father--thinking he had been killed during one of the victorious Allied drives in many parts of Africa..."

"Can you imagine how I felt--when he returned to Italy after ten years? But my happiness was clouded by the suspicion that Father was troubled by a mysterious secret!"

WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ME WHERE YOU'VE BEEN--AND WHY YOU HAVEN'T WRITTEN? YOU SAY YOU'VE BEEN IN ITALY FOR A WHOLE MONTH, VISITING OLD FRIENDS--BUT WERE THEY MORE IMPORTANT THAN FINDING **ME?**

ELENA, BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THERE IS NO **TIME** TO ANSWER QUESTIONS! WE MUST GET OUT OF ITALY--WE MUST REACH THE UNITED STATES--**WITHOUT DELAY!**

YOU CAN PROBABLY GUESS THE REST... FATHER'S UNEASINESS INCREASED AFTER WE REACHED WASHINGTON A WEEK AGO! HE EVIDENTLY HAD **SOMETHING** IMPORTANT TO REPORT TO YOUR HEAD-QUARTERS--BUT HE DIDN'T WANT TO RISK GOING THERE OPENLY! HE WAS CONVINCED THEY WERE AFTER HIM--AND WHOEVER **THEY** ARE--HE WAS DREAD-FULLY RIGHT!

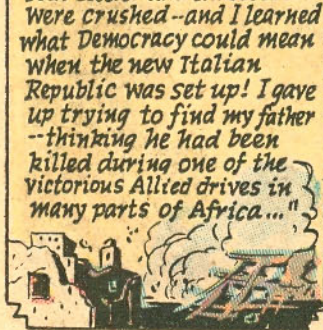
AND DREAD-FULLY CAREFUL! THERE ISN'T A SINGLE IMPORTANT PAPER IN HIS WALLET!

THE ENTIRE CASE SEEMS TO PIVOT ON TWO BLANK PERIODS IN THE MAJOR'S LIFE--THE TEN YEARS HE SPENT SOMEWHERE IN AFRICA--AND THE MONTH DURING WHICH HE VISITED FRIENDS AFTER RETURNING TO ITALY! PRETTY IMPORTANT FRIENDS, IS MY GUESS--WHEN HE WENT TO SEE THEM BEFORE CONTACTING **YOU!** THERE'S JUST ONE SMALL LINK WITH YOUR FATHER'S PAST, ELENA--**THIS RING!**

THIS IS THE EMBLEM OF THE ITALIAN COLONIAL ARMY--AND THESE RINGS WERE GIVEN TO ALL HIGH RANKING OFFICERS AFTER THEIR FIRST VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGNS IN AFRICA! EXACTLY **WHICH** CAMPAIGNS MAJOR ORSINI FIGURED IN IS GOING TO BE TOUGH TO PIN DOWN--BUT SUPPOSE YOU LET ME BORROW THIS?

IT SEEMS SO HOPELESS TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A GOLD RING TO WORK WITH--BUT I HAVE A FEELING YOU **WILL!** I'M SORRY I LOST MY HEAD BEFORE, MR. KENT!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, HONEY! I'LL ASSIGN A COUPLE OF OUR MEN TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE SAFE--AND IF YOU FEEL O.K. TONIGHT, DROP AROUND AT HEAD-QUARTERS!



That evening -- at Headquarters...

HEY! CAN'T I SLIP OUT FOR A CUP OF COFFEE WITHOUT GIVING YOU GUYS A GREEN LIGHT FOR HORSEING AROUND WITH MY EQUIPMENT?

THIS IS STRICTLY FROM BUSINESS, BOB! I FOUND A POWDERY WHITE DEPOSIT ON THE INSIDE OF THIS RING-- THE KIND THAT'S FORMED BY HARD WATER --AND SINCE IT SEEMS TO HAVE ACCUMULATED QUITE RECENTLY, I THOUGHT I'D CHECK!



GUESS I MIGHT AS WELL SAVED MY TIME -- BECAUSE THE POWDER TURNED OUT TO BE THE KIND OF CHALKY LIMESTONE THAT'S FOUND IN HARD WATER JUST ABOUT EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD!



YOU'RE RIGHT -- BUT ONLY AS RIGHT AS AN AMATEUR CHEMIST CAN BE! IN ORDINARY DEPOSITS, YOU FIND EITHER TRIANGULAR OR SIX-SIDED CRYSTALS, SEE? BUT WHEN BOTH TYPES OF CRYSTAL TURN UP IN A SINGLE SPECIMEN -- YOU'VE GOT A SPECIAL KIND OF CALCIUM KNOWN AS **TRAVERTINE!**



HOWEVER -- IT'S NOTHING TO GET EXCITED ABOUT! TRAVERTINE'S JUST A NATURAL DEPOSIT FOUND IN THE WATER AROUND TIVOLI -- IN ITALY!



TIVOLI! IT'S PRACTICALLY A SUBURB OF ROME -- AND BUSTER, THAT'S **PLENTY** EXCITING!



Minutes later --

THEN THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THAT FATHER'S FIRST MONTH IN ITALY WAS SPENT IN TIVOLI -- BUT HOW CAN WE FIND HIS MYSTERIOUS FRIENDS AMONG TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE?

IF THEY'RE THERE, BABY -- WE'LL MEET 'EM! OUR PLANE'S LEAVING IN AN HOUR!



Next day -- in the ancient, historic streets of Tivoli...



NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, JONATHAN -- WE SEEM JUST AS FAR FROM A SOLUTION AS EVER! WHAT CAN WE LEARN FROM THESE PEOPLE -- ALL OF THEM COMPLETE STRANGERS?

YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW USEFUL A STRANGER CAN BE, SWEETHEART!



BUONDI, AMICO! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MAKE 10,000 LIRE FOR A FEW MINUTES' WORK?

WHAT KIND OF WORK, SIGNOR?



I WANT TO PAWN THIS RING -- AND I'M PRETTY SURE A NATIVE WOULD BE OFFERED A MUCH BETTER PRICE THAN AN AMERICAN!

SERVITORE, SIGNOR! COME WITH ME -- I KNOW JUST THE PLACE!



Soon afterward -- in a shadowed alley --

HOW MUCH? GIVE ME AN OFFER -- AND I'LL TAKE DOUBLE!



LADRO -- THIEF! THERE IS JUST ONE RING LIKE THIS IN ALL TIVOLI -- THE PROPERTY OF CAPTAIN DAMONE! PAOLO-- GIUSEPPE -- GRAB HIM!



SOCCORSO! HELP!

POLIZIA!



SORRY, FELLAS -- BUT IT'S ALL FOR A GOOD CAUSE!



A moment later--

MY FRIENDS, ALL AMERICANS ARE VERY GREAT JOKERS-- BUT FROM *THIS*, WHAT DO YOU EXPECT TO GET?

CAPTAIN DAMONE!



Soon afterward --

CAPTAIN DAMONE! IF WE CAN RELY ON THE CITY DIRECTORY, JONATHAN-- HERE'S WHERE WE'LL FIND HIM!

MIGHT BE SMART TO WAIT UNTIL NIGHTFALL BEFORE I TRY CLIMBING THAT GATE, ELENA -- BUT LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!



OOOOPS!





Suddenly..



SOME DAY YOU'RE GOING TO **HURT** SOMEONE DOING THAT, DAMONE!

AN AMERICAN, EH? I EXPECTED ONE OF YOU TO TURN UP AFTER HEARING ORSINI'S STORY -- BUT PERHAPS YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN WARNED BY WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM!



Then --

OMICIDA -- MURDERER -- THIS IS FOR MY FATHER!



YOU'D BETTER HIT THE FLOOR, BUB -- SHE MEANS BUSINESS!



MISSED!



BANG!

BANG!
BANG!



DAMONE WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU, JONATHAN -- AS RUTHLESSLY AS HE KILLED MY FATHER! EVEN THOUGH IT MEANS YOU'VE LOST A CHANCE TO GET THE INFORMATION YOU NEED -- I'M NOT SORRY I DID IT!

I'VE LEARNED PLENTY ALREADY, ELENA! BLACK SHIRTS THAT MUST MAKE MUSSOLINI CHORTLE IN HIS GRAVE -- AND A MAP OF THE FASCIST EMPIRE HE BUILT UP IN NORTHEAST AFRICA AFTER INVADING ETHIOPIA! LET'S SEE WHAT THE PITCH IS!



HERE'S A SHEAF OF REPORTS FROM SOMEONE NAMED COLONEL GAMBOTTA-- ALL OF THEM FROM BRAVA, IN ITALIAN SOMALILAND! EVIDENTLY GAMBOTTA AND YOUR FATHER-- HIS SECOND IN COMMAND--HAD BEEN HIDING OUT THERE SINCE THE ITALIAN COLONIES WERE CAPTURED BY THE ALLIES IN MAY, 1941!

AND LOOK! SINCE THEN, GAMBOTTA HAS BUILT UP A STRONG NATIVE MILITARY FORCE -- FINANCED BY MONEY SENT FROM ITALY BY CAPTAIN DAMONE'S ORGANIZATION!

GAMBOTTA'S LAST REPORT REVEALS THAT THEY'RE READY TO WIPE OUT THE SMALL BRITISH GARRISON IN SOMALILAND -- AND USE IT AS A BASE TO CARRY OUT IL DUCE'S PLAN FOR THE CONQUEST OF ETHIOPIA! ONCE **THAT** HAS PROVED FASCISM'S STRENGTH -- DAMONE'S JOB WOULD BE TO WHIP UP FASCIST SENTIMENT IN ITALY ITSELF! **READ THE REST!**

"I AM SENDING MAJOR ORSINI TO TIVOLI TO CONFER WITH YOU ON THESE GLORIOUS POSSIBILITIES. HE IS A BRAVE SOLDIER, BUT I SUGGEST YOU WATCH HIM CLOSELY --SINCE HIS FAITH IN FASCISM SEEMS TO HAVE WEAKENED DURING OUR TEN YEARS OF EXILE!"



THAT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING, JONATHAN! FATHER HAD NEVER BEEN A STRONG UPHOLDER OF FASCISM --AND ONE LOOK AT WHAT DEMOCRACY HAD DONE FOR ITALY WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM ABANDON GAMBOTTA AND HIS WILD BID FOR POWER!

SEEING WHAT DEMOCRACY DID FOR **YOU** IS WHAT CLINCHED IT, HONEY! BUT SINCE MAJOR ORSINI SUSPECTED HE WAS BEING WATCHED --HE DIDN'T DARE EXPOSE THE PLOT HERE IN ITALY! HE DECIDED TO FLEE TO THE UNITED STATES-- NOT DREAMING THAT DAMONE'S AGENTS WOULD FOLLOW HIM THERE!

BRAVA! ...IS THAT OUR NEXT STOP, JONATHAN?

CHECK! MEANWHILE, I'LL RADIO HEAD-QUARTERS TO SET A DRAGNET FOR DAMONE'S TRIGGER MEN --AS WELL AS THE BLACK-SHIRT STOOGES OVER HERE!

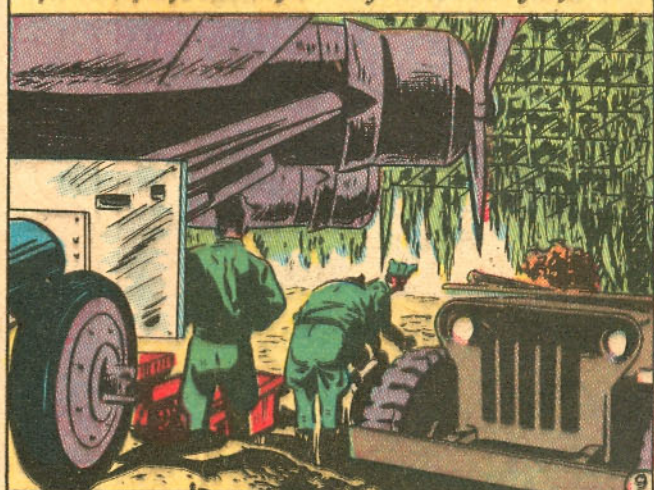


Several days later -- high above the rugged back country of Somaliland --

THAT'S THE DRY BED OF THE SHEBELI RIVER, ELENA -- AND IT'LL LEAD US STRAIGHT TO BRAVA!



Directly below --disguised by hundreds of yards of camouflage netting strung across the gorge --



ATTENZIONE, CAPITANO!

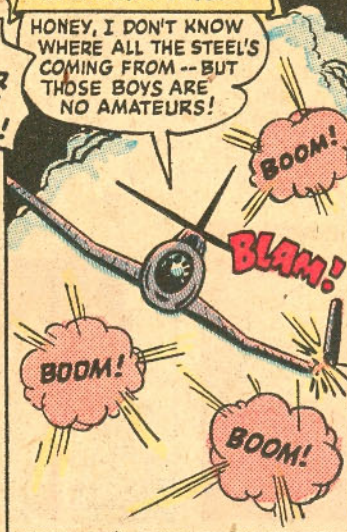
WE'VE PICKED UP A STRANGE
PLANE--ALTITUDE
1200 METRES--
COURSE
SOUTH-
SOUTHWEST!

**ALL GUNNERY
CREWS TO YOUR
STATIONS! MAN
THE BATTERIES!**



An instant later--

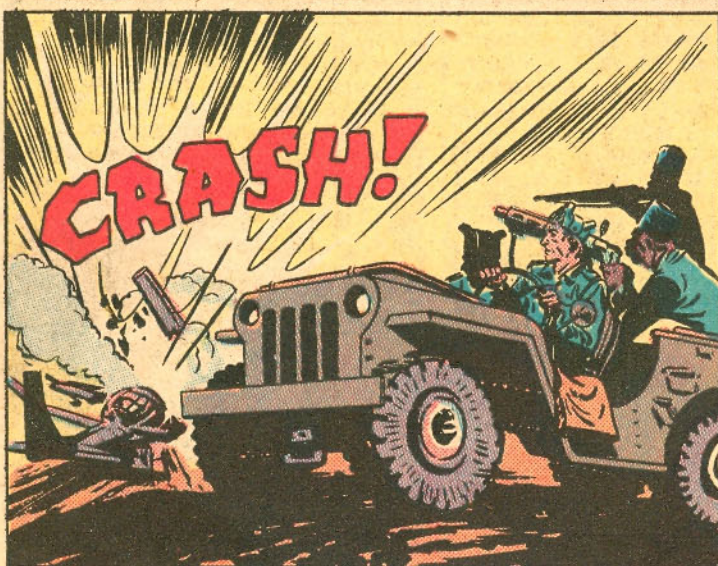
HONEY, I DON'T KNOW
WHERE ALL THE STEEL'S
COMING FROM-- BUT
THOSE BOYS ARE
NO AMATEURS!



Then --

JONATHAN--
WE'RE GOING
TO CRACK
UP!

EASY, SWEETHEART--
I'LL TRY TO MISS THE
RUTS! MEANWHILE,
TAKE A GANDER
AT WHAT WE'RE
SKIMMING OVER--
A CAMOUFLAGED
MILITARY
POST!



NO SIGN OF LIFE -- BUT
WE'LL TAKE NO CHANCES!
SPRAY THE PLANE WITH
MACHINE-GUN FIRE!



DON'T BE TOO EAGER,
ELENA--I'LL TAKE THE
LEAD! -- **THERE!**
I GOT THE
MACHINE-GUNNER!

**BANG!
BANG!**

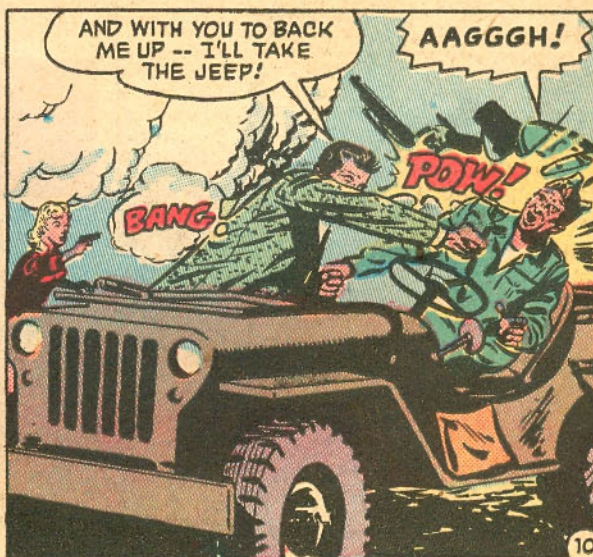


AND WITH YOU TO BACK
ME UP -- I'LL TAKE
THE JEEP!

AAGGGH!

BANG!

POW!





SUGAR-PUSS--
WE'RE RIDING
INTO BRAVA
IN STYLE!

BANG!
BANG!



An hour later --

THE BRITISH OCCUPATION
COMMAND ISN'T GOING TO
LIKE THE IDEA OF A
POWERFUL MILITARY FORCE
JUST A FEW MILES AWAY,
ELENA -- AND **ANOTHER**
IDEA THAT WON'T APPEAL
TO THEM IS MY PLAN FOR
ROUNDING UP
GAMBOTTA'S
FORCES!



A FASCIST FIFTH
COLUMN -- MY
DEAR FELLOW, IT'S
UNTHINKABLE!
I'LL ALERT
EVERY
REGIMENT IN
SOMALILAND
FOR AN ALL-OUT
ATTACK!

GAMBOTTA WILL
LOVE THAT, GENERAL
-- BECAUSE AFTER
OUR ESCAPE, THAT'S
THE VERY MOVE HE'LL
BE WAITING FOR! WHAT
WE'VE GOT TO DO IS
BEAT HIM AT HIS OWN
GAME -- AND SPRING
A SURPRISE OF
OUR OWN!



WHAT HAVE
YOU GOT
IN MIND,
KENT?

IN THE FIRST PLACE -- IT'LL BE
BAD MEDICINE TO HAVE YOUR
TROOPS FIGHTING ITALIAN
FORCES -- EVEN FASCIST ONES!
BUT GIVE ME A HANDFUL
OF PICKED COMMANDOS
WITHOUT UNIFORMS
--AND WE CAN
KEEP OUR BATTLE
ON A STRICTLY
PRIVATE LEVEL!



A HANDFUL --
AGAINST
GAMBOTTA'S
THOUSANDS?

PLUS THE SHEBELI RIVER! THE
REASON WHY IT'S DRY ALONG THIS
STRETCH IS THAT IT'S DAMMED
UP HERE -- NEAR THE ETHIOPIAN
FRONTIER! DYNAMITE THAT
DAM THREE HOURS BEFORE
WE ATTACK -- AND I CAN
PROMISE YOU A STOCKADE
FULL OF PRISONERS
BY DAWN!



That night --



BOOM!

HEAR THAT, SIR?
THINGS ARE GOING
TO BE SOMEWHAT
DAMP DOWN THERE
IN ANOTHER
MOMENT!

STATION YOUR
MEN AROUND
THE TOP OF
THAT ROAD!
IF WE RUN
INTO
CONCENTRATED
FIRE -- REMEMBER
THE GRENADES!

CLICK!



An instant later --

CRASH!

ACQUA!
AAACQUA!

In another moment -- a scuttling, clawing mass of men rush up the incline!

FASTER!
MOVE ALONG,
UP THERE!

R-ROAR!

HELP!



YAAAGH!

CRRASH!



AMBUSH!
WE'RE TRAPPED,
COLONEL
GAMBOTTA!

AVANTI!
WHILE I AM
STANDING--
WE WILL NOT
SURRENDER!

BANG!

BANG!
BANG!



AMERICAN
ESPIONAGE
WILL CHANGE
THAT,
GAMBOTTA!

POW!



BANG!
BANG!

DON'T SHOOT--DON'T
SHOOT! ASKARIS--
THROW DOWN
YOUR GUNS!



With the Fascist forces
herded together--

I AM CRUSHED--DISGRACED!
I, GAMBOTTA, HAD
VOWED TO STEP
FOOT ON
ETHIOPIAN
SOIL!

WE'RE GOING
TO GIVE YOU A
BREAK, BIG SHOT!
AT LEAST, YOU'LL HAVE A SWELL
VIEW OF ETHIOPIA UP NORTH--
WHILE YOU AND YOUR MEN
ARE REBUILDING THAT
DAM!



A week later--at the
Rome airport--

I WON'T TRY TO THANK
YOU, JONATHAN--
ESPECIALLY FOR
REMEMBERING
TO GIVE
ME
THIS!

THERE'S
NO USE
GROPING FOR
WORDS, ELENA--
IF YOU CAN
THINK OF AN
EASIER
WAY!



DO YOU
MEAN THIS,
JONATHAN?

BABY--
WHAT
ELSE?



Violence and intrigue burst
around JONATHAN KENT like rockets
--in the next issue of
SPY-HUNTERS!

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TWIN UMBRELLAS

FROM BEHIND the drawn shades of his room, Jerry Lansing peered out at the house he'd been watching for weeks...the house across the street where the two suspected spies lived. Mr. and Mrs. James Anderson seemed like an ordinary, middle-aged couple, but Jerry knew that if the Counter-Espionage Service's information was correct, the two were the go-betweens in the most intricate spy plot in history.

There was no concrete evidence against the Andersons, but the Federal agents were certain that they were the liaison spies between the American traitors in Washington who were selling secret information and the foreign spies who were buying the secrets and transmitting them to their own country. Every evening, the pair would take an innocent-looking walk, and the man would make a phone call from a different cigar store each time, so that the American agents soon gave up all hope of tapping their phone calls and learning who their co-conspirators were.

Jerry had been set on their trail with strict instructions not to nab them unless he was certain they had incriminating evidence on them...for otherwise, if they were arrested and nothing was found to indict them on, they would go scot-free and the spy-ring would stop using them as contact agents. Then the Counter-Espionage Corps would have lost the chance of ever trapping the whole ring.

Finally, after watching and trailing the suspected spies for weeks, Jerry began to understand how they operated. On some of their evening walks, they would separate, so that Jerry couldn't trail them both...and occasionally, Jerry found that he was following the one who would hastily drop a letter into the General Post Office chutes as he passed by. It was impossible, of course, to hunt through the mass of letters

for the one that was just dropped...but Jerry was sure that there was some connection between the mailing of the letter and the fact that the very next day an important secret document was stolen from the Defense Department files.

It was obvious, then, that the only way Jerry could be sure of nabbing them with the evidence was to know beforehand when the pair was going to separate...so that he could arrest them before either could mail a letter. But the big problem was...*how* was he to know when they were going to separate? Right now, for example, he could see them emerging from their house for their evening walk. But how could he be sure that one of them was going to mail a letter *today*? There was nothing to give him a clue...the only thing different about them was that they were both carrying umbrellas because of the heavy rain that was falling. *Wait...the umbrellas...he had them!*

Bounding down the stairs, Jerry was accosting them over his service revolver before they even crossed the street...and he grinned at the look of dismay on their faces as he searched them and found the letter that gave detailed instructions to the foreign spies about picking up a stolen document.

"How...how did you know I had the letter on me?" quavered James Anderson.

Jerry's grin spread even wider. "I knew *one* of you had it, because one of you always mailed a letter when you separated. And I *knew* you were going to separate today, because you're both carrying *separate umbrellas*...if you'd planned to stay together, you'd have needed only *one* umbrella! And now that I've got the goods on you, you're heading for headquarters...where you're going to spill the beans about that whole ring of spies you've been working for!"

THREAT to TIBET!

TIBET---IMPENETRABLE LAND OF ANCIENT MYSTERY! BEYOND ITS SNOW-CAPPED HIMALAYAN PASSES LIE ALL THE RICHES AND MINERAL WEALTH OF INDIA---A FABULOUS PRIZE FOR ANY WARLIKE POWER! BUT THOSE WHO CRAVE INDIA MUST FIRST CAPTURE ITS GATEWAY, **TIBET!** HERE'S THE STORY OF A SINISTER CAMPAIGN THAT RAN HEADON INTO THE DARING OF A MODERN MARCO POLO
--- **BILL HARKNESS, AMERICAN!**

WHAT---YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE! I PAID YOU TO GUIDE ME INTO TIBET--- BUT WE STILL SEEM TO BE A THOUSAND MILES FROM NOWHERE! YOU'VE GOT TO GO ON WITH ME!

NO--- WE IN TIBET NOW! WE GO NO FURTHER---TRIBESMEN IN THESE REGIONS VERY DANGEROUS--- **KILL ALL FOREIGNERS WHO ENTER THEIR LAND!**



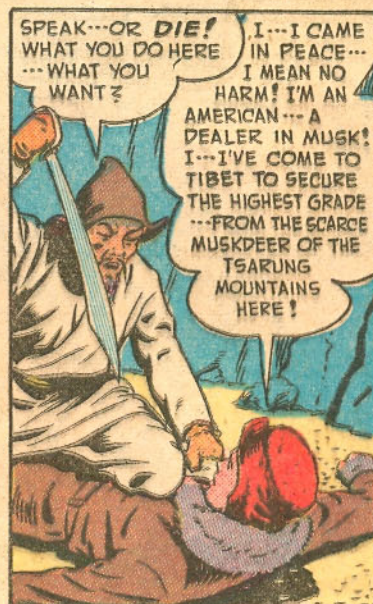
THERE WAS NO STOPPING THEM---NOTHING TO DO NOW BUT GO ON BY MYSELF!



HOURS LATER...

SURE IS LONELY AROUND HERE! IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES---I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL AS IF THERE ARE EYES WATCHING ME---EVEN THOUGH I **KNOW** THERE CAN'T BE ANOTHER HUMAN WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES!

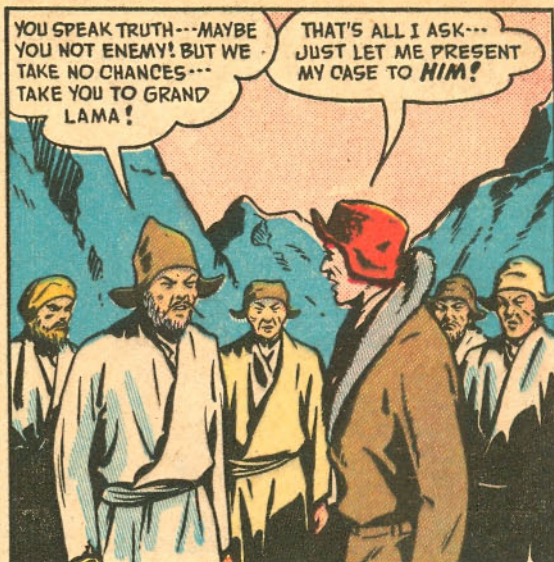






YOU BRING GUNS FOR REDS---TO HELP TAKE TIBET FROM US! YOU OUR ENEMY---**I KILL!**

WAIT! I KNOW TIBET HAS NO ARMY---THAT'S WHY I BROUGHT YOU GUNS---FOR YOUR DEFENSE AGAINST INVADERS! WHY WOULD I BRING WEAPONS TO THE REDS---**WHO HAVE ALL THE ARMS THEY NEED?**



YOU SPEAK TRUTH---MAYBE YOU NOT ENEMY! BUT WE TAKE NO CHANCES--- TAKE YOU TO GRAND LAMA!

THAT'S ALL I ASK--- JUST LET ME PRESENT MY CASE TO **HIM!**

AFTER A STRANGE RIDE AT SPEAR-POINT THROUGH THE PRECIPITOUS MOUNTAINS---



TIBET---IT'S EVEN MORE FABULOUSLY MYSTERIOUS THAN I'D EXPECTED! I ONLY HOPE I GET OUT OF THIS **ALIVE** TO TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME ABOUT IT!



MIGHTY LAMA, WE BRING YOU PRISONER ---STRANGER FROM THE BEYOND---AN AMERICAN! HE BROUGHT GUNS--- PERHAPS FOR OUR ENEMIES!

AN **'AMERICAN?'** APPROACH, MY SON---MY EYES ARE OLD, AND I WISH TO GAZE CLOSELY UPON ONE WHO HAS COME FROM THAT GREAT, FAR-OFF LAND WHERE LIBERTY REIGNS!

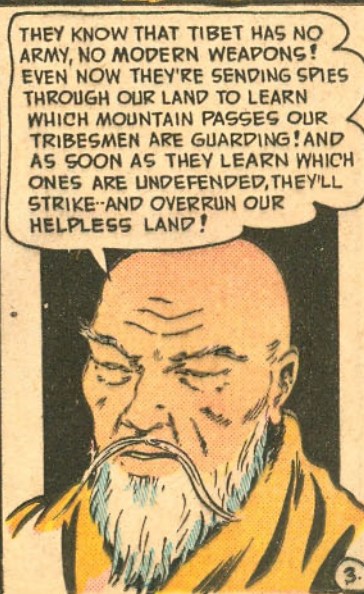


LOOK---HOW CLOSE HE STANDS TO LAMA! HE SHOWS HIM SOMETHING! ---PERHAPS A KNIFE---HE WILL KILL! QUICK---WE MUST TEAR HIM AWAY---

I SEE NO KNIFE, FOOL! SHALL WE INTRUDE--- AND DARE THE LAMA'S WRATH?



THIS MAN IS A **FRIEND**---**LEAVE US!**... YOU MUST EXCUSE MY PEOPLE FOR THEIR RUDE TREATMENT OF YOU, MY SON! WE ARE **WARY** OF STRANGERS, NOW THAT THE REDS HAVE TAKEN OVER ALL OF CHINA--- AND ARE MASSING AT TIBET'S PASSES, THREATENING OUR INDEPENDENCE!



THEY KNOW THAT TIBET HAS NO ARMY, NO MODERN WEAPONS! EVEN NOW THEY'RE SENDING SPIES THROUGH OUR LAND TO LEARN WHICH MOUNTAIN PASSES OUR TRIBESMEN ARE GUARDING! AND AS SOON AS THEY LEARN WHICH ONES ARE UNDEFENDED, THEY'LL STRIKE---AND OVERRUN OUR HELPLESS LAND!

I'D LIKE TO REPAY YOU FOR TELLING YOUR PEOPLE TO SPARE ME, LAMA... AND WHAT BETTER WAY IS THERE THAN BY TRYING TO HELP YOU IN **YOUR FIGHT FOR FREEDOM?** AND I BELIEVE I **CAN** HELP YOU ---IF YOU ORDER YOUR TRIBESMEN TO ACCEPT **ME AS TEMPORARY LEADER!** I'D LIKE TO GO OUT WITH THEM IN THE MORNING AND SEE IF WE CAN'T SCARE UP SOME

IT SHALL BE DONE, MY SON! I SHALL TELL THEM TO OBEY YOU AS THEY WOULD **ME!**

KIND OF A LEAD ON THESE RED SPIES!



NEXT MORNING...

BUT WHAT CAN **YOU** DO, AMERICAN? WE KNOW COUNTRY... AND **WE** NOT ABLE TO FIND SPIES!

AMERICANS ARE PERHAPS A LITTLE MORE EXPERT AS **SPY-HUNTERS** THAN YOU TIBETANS... BUT I MUST ADMIT THERE'S CERTAINLY NOTHING SUSPICIOUS ABOUT THIS PEACEFUL VIEW AND THAT QUIETLY GRAZING HERD DOWN IN THE VALLEY! WHAT ARE THEY... GOATS?



NO---IS HERD OF FAT-TAILED SHEEP! MANY SUCH HERDS CAME TO MOUNTAINS THREE RAINS AGO... FOR FIRST TIME IN KNOWLEDGE OF EVEN THE OLD ONES! WE SUSPICIOUS, SEARCH HERDSMEN... BUT FIND NOTHING! THEY NOT WORTH SEARCHING AGAIN!



OH, YES, THEY **ARE!** AS FAR AS I KNOW, FAT-TAILED SHEEP ARE FOUND ONLY IN AFGHANISTAN... I'VE NEVER HEARD OF **THEM** BEING THIS FAR EAST BEFORE! **LET'S RIDE DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK!**

LAMA ORDERED US OBEY... **WE OBEY!**



BY COMMAND OF THE LAMA ... STOP!

WE TRAVEL IN PEACE... WHAT YOU WANT?



IF YOU TRAVEL IN PEACE, YOU WON'T MIND MY EXAMINING YOUR **SHEEP!** ...**WATCH THEM, TSAL!**

NO---IS NOTHING TO EXAMINE! **LEAVE SHEEP ALONE!**



QUIET, DOGS!

AH, THIS ONE LOOKS AS IF IT HAS THE FATTEST TAIL! AS SOON AS I EXAMINE IT, I'LL KNOW WHETHER MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!

YOU DIE BEFORE YOU DO THAT! ... TO YOUR GUNS, MEN!





THEY'VE
ALL GOT GUNS
--- TAKE
COVER!



TOO BAD I DIDN'T THINK
OF TAKING ALONG THOSE
RIFLES I BROUGHT---OUR
SPEARS ARE NO MATCH
FOR THEIR GUNS! **RIDE
FOR THE WOODS!**

THEY FLEE---DO NOT
CHASE THEM! COME
---WE DRIVE HERD
TO HILLS---THEY
NO BOTHER US
AGAIN!

MOMENTS LATER--- **GOOD!** AND
NOW THE TWO

THEY
SHOOT
THREE
MEN---
WE
FOLLOW
---KILL
THEM!

NO, THEY'D MOW US DOWN
WITH THEIR GUNS! DO AS I
SAY---SEND EMISSARIES
OUT TO ALL PARTS OF TIBET!
HAVE THEM TELL THE
TRIBES TO SEIZE EVERY
FAT-TAILED SHEEP AND
HERDSMAN IN THEIR
REGIONS---TELL THEM
TO USE THE GUNS I
BROUGHT! **AND MAKE
SURE THEY RIDE LIKE
THE WIND!**

IS DONE!
WHEN EACH
RIDER COME
TO NEW
VILLAGE---
FRESH
RIDER, FRESH
HORSE RIDE
ON TO NEXT!

OF US WILL FOLLOW
THE TRAIL OF THAT HERD!
WE'LL HAVE TO BE
TRICKIER THAN THEM---
THE FACT THAT THEY HAD
NO GUNS WHEN YOU
SEARCHED THEM THE
FIRST TIME SHOWS THEY
MUST HAVE HAD THEM
HIDDEN IN CACHES SOME-
WHERE---AND WHEN YOU
WERE LULLED INTO
THINKING THEM HARM-
LESS, THEY DIDN'T HAVE
TO FEAR ANY INTERFER-
ENCE WITH THEIR DIRTY
WORK OF **SPYING FOR
THE REDS!**

WHEN DUSK FALLS---

SHEEP AHEAD!
CAMP MUST BE IN
MIDDLE OF HERD
---SENTRIES KEEP
HERD TOGETHER!

I SEE ONE
RIGHT AHEAD
OF US---
AGAINST THE
SKYLINE!
LET **ME**
HANDLE
HIM!



COME ON, TSAL---THE
COAST IS CLEAR!
GRAB A SHEEP!



THAT'S IT---NOW DIG YOUR
HEELS INTO ITS FLANKS AND
MAKE IT RUN! AS SOON AS IT
GETS UP SPEED, START HITTING
ALL THE OTHER SHEEP AROUND
YOU AND **YELL!** LIKE THIS
---**YAHOOOO! KI-YIPPEE!**

IS FUN---
**YAHOOOO!
KI-YIPPEE!**







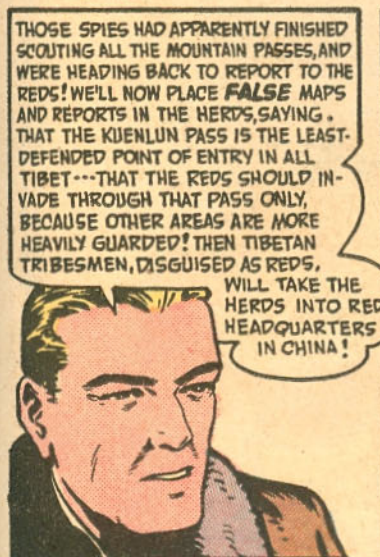
MAPS AND REPORTS!
THE FATTEST-TAILED SHEEP
IN EACH HERD PROBABLY
HAVE STUFF LIKE **THIS**
HIDDEN IN THEIR
WOOL!

MAPS SHOW WHERE
MOUNTAIN PASSES NOT
DEFENDED...REPORTS
TELL WHICH REGIONS
OUR TRIBESMEN GUARD!
**COME...MUST BRING
THESE TO LAMA!**



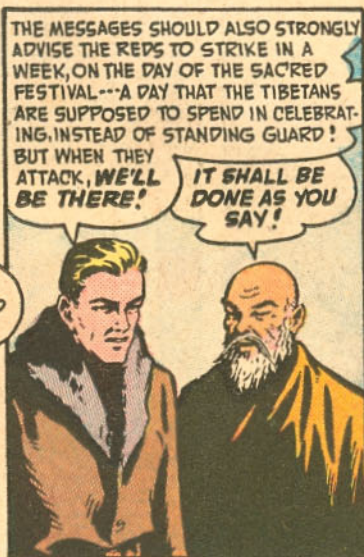
LATER... YOU DID WELL, MY SON! RIDERS HAVE
COME BACK WITH REPORTS FROM
DIFFERENT PARTS OF TIBET! ALL
THE HERDS OF SHEEP AND THEIR
HERDSMEN HAVE BEEN SEIZED BE-
FORE THEY COULD ESCAPE INTO
CHINA...AND MORE MAPS AND
PLANS OF OUR DEFENSES WERE
FOUND IN EACH HERD!

WELL,
NOW I'VE
GOT SOME
PLANS OF
MINE THAT
I WANT TO
PUT INTO
EFFECT!



THOSE SPIES HAD APPARENTLY FINISHED
SCOUTING ALL THE MOUNTAIN PASSES, AND
WERE HEADING BACK TO REPORT TO THE
REDS! WE'LL NOW PLACE **FALSE** MAPS
AND REPORTS IN THE HERDS, SAYING
THAT THE KUENLUN PASS IS THE LEAST-
DEFENDED POINT OF ENTRY IN ALL
TIBET...THAT THE REDS SHOULD IN-
VADE THROUGH THAT PASS ONLY,
BECAUSE OTHER AREAS ARE MORE
HEAVILY GUARDED! THEN TIBETAN
TRIBESMEN, DISGUISED AS REDS,

WILL TAKE THE
HERDS INTO RED
HEADQUARTERS
IN CHINA!



THE MESSAGES SHOULD ALSO STRONGLY
ADVISE THE REDS TO STRIKE IN A
WEEK, ON THE DAY OF THE SACRED
FESTIVAL...A DAY THAT THE TIBETANS
ARE SUPPOSED TO SPEND IN CELEBRAT-
ING, INSTEAD OF STANDING GUARD!
BUT WHEN THEY
ATTACK, **WE'LL
BE THERE!**

**IT SHALL BE
DONE AS YOU
SAY!**



A WEEK LATER, AT KUENLUN PASS...

**THEY
COME!**

IT WORKED **PERFECTLY**
AND...WHAT A HORDE!
ORDER YOUR MEN TO
KEEP HIDDEN...WE'LL
WAIT UNTIL A GOOD
PORTION OF THEM
ARE IN THE
PASS!



THEY'RE IN THE RIGHT
SPOT! HERE'S WHERE I
MAKE USE OF THAT
STUFF I BROUGHT
--- **NOW!**



CR-RASH!



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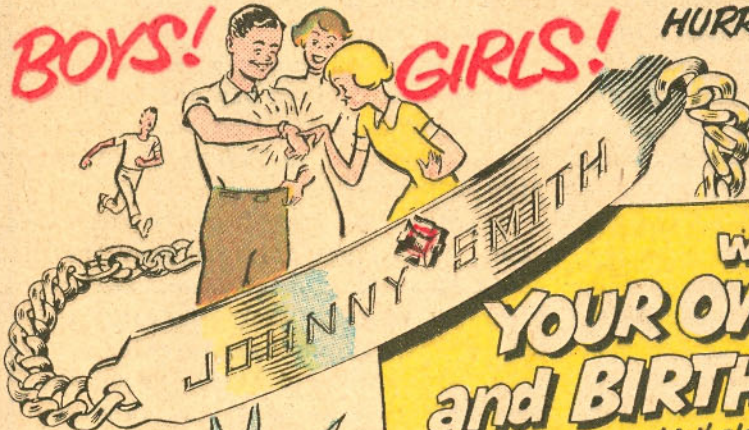
OPERATION: PERIL

10¢ ON ALL
STANDS

BOYS! GIRLS!

**HURRY! - BE THE FIRST TO OWN
THIS BEAUTIFUL**

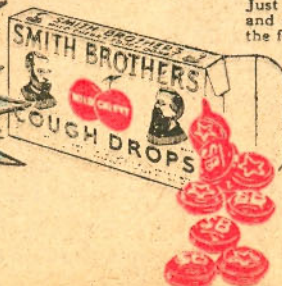
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Smoked OUT

AS THE BOAT docked in New York harbor, Valthak smiled cheerfully at the young American walking at his side down the gangway towards the customs office. "Here, have a cigar," Valthak said, clapping his fellow-passenger heartily on the back. "I always feel like celebrating whenever I get back to America from a vacation in Europe!"

Ted Parker accepted the cigar, but the smile on his face was a grim one. "Okay, Valthak," he said, "you can drop the pose now. I know you weren't on a vacation trip. Whenever an ace spy-courier like you makes a trip behind the Iron Curtain, it's always on business--- *dirty* business! U. S. Counter-Espionage assigned me to board this ship in Marseilles to keep an eye on you, and to try to find out what you're carrying back to America...but I couldn't find anything the few times I searched your room while you were dining. So whatever it is that you're carrying, it must be on you...and we'll find it in the customs office. Get going!"

Behind his vigorous protestations of innocence, Valthak smiled inwardly as Ted herded him towards the inspection point. "The poor fool," the spy-courier thought, "he doesn't know that I searched his room while he was searching *mine*...and that I knew the very first day he was a counter-espionage agent! And he'll be the one who'll help me smuggle the new, complicated spy-code past the customs inspection...and into the hands of all our agents in America!" Inside the inspector's office, Valthak noted with satisfaction that the NO SMOKING sign had not been removed since the last time he'd been here...and with a resigned sigh, he submitted himself to the search.

But minutes later, as Valthak's pockets were being emptied and he was being subjected to a thorough infrared and X-ray examination which would detect any concealed objects or documents, he saw with a twinge of panic that Ted was lighting up a cigar. "Look," the spy cried. "Can't you see the NO SMOKING sign?"

But as Ted merely puffed away at the stogie and stared back at him, Valthak knew that he had to act...and *fast*! With a desperate lunge, he snatched the cigar out of Ted's mouth...and Ted's fist sent him staggering to the floor!

"I...I can't stand the smell of cigar smoke in a close room," the spy stammered.

Ted's eyes glinted. "Yeah? Well, I smell a rat...and I think it may be in the cigar you gave me...the one I put in my pocket!"

Valthak gasped as he saw Ted take out the cigar he'd given him and begin to strip away the outer tobacco leaves...revealing the thin layers of microfilm underneath!

Grinning, Ted looked at the spy and said, "Now I get it...you knew there was a NO SMOKING sign here, and you figured I wouldn't smoke your cigar until we were all through searching you. Then, since I would still be on the case, I'd have to tail you...and you and your confederates would ambush me in some dark alley...and get back the cigar with the microfilms!"

Weakly, Valthak nodded. "Yes...that...that was my plan! But how was I to know you weren't smoking the cigar I gave you...?"

Ted laughed. "You should have known I smoke only good American cigars, not inferior weeds from behind the Iron Curtain...because you can smell *those* a mile away, just as you can some spies!"

ASSAULT ⁱⁿ ARMENIA

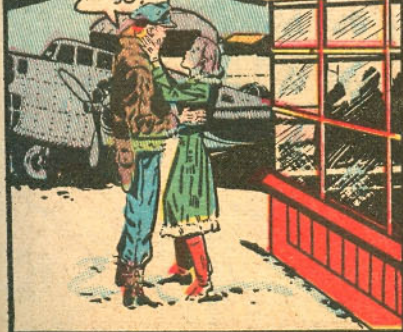
TAKE TWO LOVERS... SEPARATE THEM BY THE IRON CURTAIN OF HATRED AND SUSPICION... THEN BRING THEM EXPLOSIVELY TOGETHER IN A WHIRLWIND OF ESPIONAGE AND INTRIGUE! IT ALL ADDS UP TO **ASSAULT IN ARMENIA**... YOUR PASSWORD TO ROMANCE, THRILLS AND ACTION APLENTY!



IN 1945, COMMUNISM AND DEMOCRACY WERE STILL ON THE SAME SIDE IN THE WAR AGAINST NAZISM... AND THE COMRADELY ALLIANCE EVEN SPREAD FROM MILITARY AFFAIRS TO AFFAIRS OF THE HEART... **AS YOU CAN SEE!**

TANYA, DARLING... I LOVE YOU SO!

ОТРА



I... I'LL MISS YOU TERRIBLY! I KNOW HOW CRUEL IT IS FOR ME TO LEAVE YOU AFTER WE'VE BEEN MARRIED FOR ONLY A MONTH... BUT WITH THE WAR ALMOST OVER, AND MY MILITARY MISSION HERE COMPLETED, I CAN'T REFUSE TO OBEY MY ORDERS TO RETURN HOME! DON'T CRY, DARLING... I'LL SEND FOR YOU AS SOON AS I GET YOU AN ENTRANCE VISA INTO THE UNITED STATES!

OH, CHARLES... I'LL WAIT FOR YOU FOREVER!



AS MAJOR CHARLES LOCKWOOD, ACE AMERICAN WAR HERO AND BRILLIANT MILITARY TACTICIAN, BEGAN THE LONG PLANE HOP BACK TO THE STATES...

THE FOOL... HE STILL THINKS YOU MARRIED HIM OUT OF LOVE!

HA, HA... THAT TEARFUL PARTING WAS A MAGNIFICENT PIECE OF ACTING, COMRADE TANYA! HE'LL NEVER KNOW THE N.K.V.D. ORDERED YOU TO MARRY HIM... SO THAT YOU COULD EXTRACT AMERICAN MILITARY SECRETS FROM HIM!

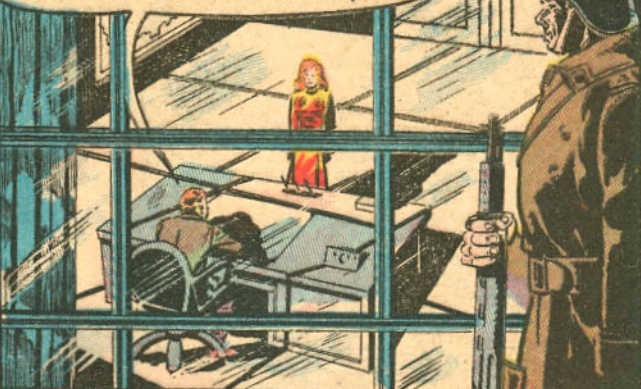


AH, BUT HOW **DISTASTEFUL** MARRIAGE TO AN AMERICAN MUST HAVE BEEN TO YOU... HOW DID YOU **ENDURE** IT?

I WAS **PROUD** TO PERFORM MY DUTY TO MY COUNTRY... NO MATTER HOW... UNPLEASANT MY ASSIGNMENT WAS!



COMRADE TANYA, YOU ARE HEREBY AWARDED THE RED STAR OF LOYALTY TO LENIN FOR YOUR EXCELLENT PERFORMANCE IN THE LOCKWOOD ASSIGNMENT! AND BECAUSE YOU HAVE PROVEN THAT YOU HANDLE AMERICANS SO WELL, YOU ARE HEREBY PROMOTED TO BE LIAISON CONTACT OFFICER WITH ALL OUR SPIES IN AMERICA! YOU WILL RECEIVE **ALL THEIR REPORTS**...AND FORWARD THEM TO THE APPROPRIATE BUREAUS!



MONTHS LATER...AT THE RED CONSULATE IN WASHINGTON...

I AM SORRY, MR. LOCKWOOD...EVEN THOUGH YOUR STATE DEPARTMENT HAS GIVEN YOUR WIFE PERMISSION TO ENTER THE UNITED STATES, MY COUNTRY WILL NOT ALLOW HER TO LEAVE THE MOTHERLAND!



BUT... BUT **WHY?** YOU CAN'T DO THAT...SHE'S MY **WIFE!** I'LL GO TO YOUR SUPERIORS...I'LL EVEN SEE YOUR **AMBASSADOR!**

MONTH AFTER MONTH OF WEARY, DESPERATE PLEADING...TO NO AVAIL!



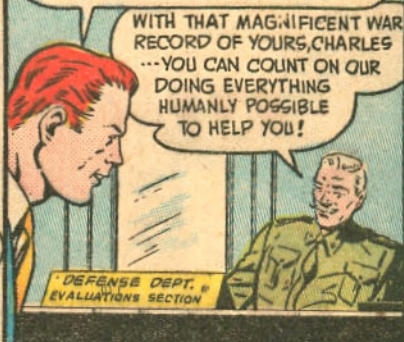
YOU'VE SIMPLY **GOT** TO LET HER COME HERE!

SO SORRY...

NYET!

IMPOSSIBLE!

FINALLY...GENERAL, YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON LEFT WHOM I CAN TURN TO! AS MY COMMANDING OFFICER DURING THE WAR, YOU KNOW MY RECORD! I THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU COULD APPLY SOME PRESSURE IN THE RIGHT PLACES TO PERSUADE SOME OF THE HIGH RED OFFICIALS TO LET MY WIFE COME TO THE STATES!



WITH THAT MAGNIFICENT WAR RECORD OF YOURS, CHARLES...YOU CAN COUNT ON OUR DOING EVERYTHING HUMANLY POSSIBLE TO HELP YOU!

DEFENSE DEPT. EVALUATIONS SECTION

A WEEK LATER...

BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR...WHY WAS I REFERRED TO THE **COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE SERVICE**? WHY SHOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN MY PROBLEM?



U.S. COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE PROBLEMS SECTION

FIRST, BECAUSE **EVERY** GOVERNMENT BUREAU IS ANXIOUS TO HELP SOMEONE WITH SUCH A DISTINGUISHED WAR RECORD! AND SECONDLY, WE'VE BECOME VERY CURIOUS AS TO **WHY** THE REDS ARE SO AFRAID TO LET YOUR WIFE LEAVE THEIR COUNTRY! I'VE ORDERED OUR AGENTS BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN TO TRY TO FIND OUT JUST WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING HER!

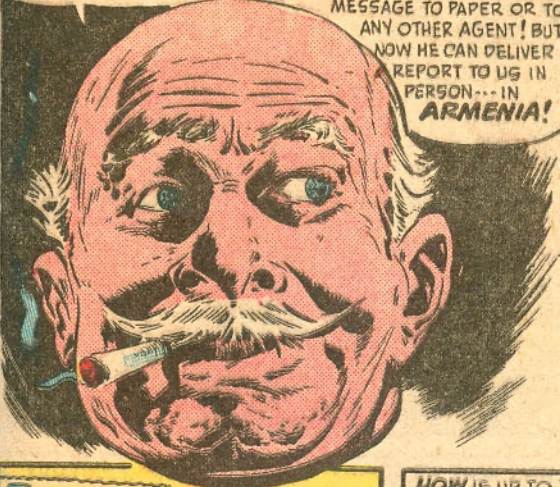
MEANWHILE...

GENERAL...I HAVE EXCELLENT NEWS! WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A REPORT THAT AN AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION WILL BE LEAVING SOON TO EXPLORE MT. ARARAT IN TURKEY, RIGHT ON THE BORDER OF SOVIET ARMENIA! THEY HOPE TO DISCOVER THE REMAINS OF NOAH'S ARK, WHICH LEGEND SAYS FINALLY SETTLED ON THE MOUNTAIN'S SUMMIT!

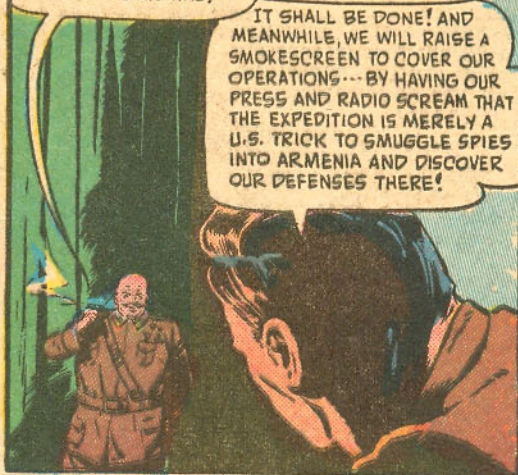


AH, THIS IS **INDEED** EXCELLENT NEWS!

FOR MONTHS WE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FIND A WAY OF GETTING DR. THORSEN...OUR BEST ATOMIC SPY IN AMERICA...TO COME TO OUR COUNTRY WITHOUT AROUSING AMERICAN SUSPICIONS...AND **THIS** IS OUR CHANCE! HIS FINDINGS ARE SO COMPLICATED AND SO VITALLY IMPORTANT THAT WE CAN'T ENTRUST HIS MESSAGE TO PAPER, OR TO ANY OTHER AGENT! BUT NOW HE CAN DELIVER HIS REPORT TO US IN PERSON...IN **ARMENIA!**



TELL COMRADE TANYA TO CONTACT THORSEN AND ORDER HIM TO JOIN THAT EXPEDITION TO MT. ARARAT...AND THEN HAVE HER PROCEED TO THE BORDER OF ARMENIA TO WAIT FOR HIS ARRIVAL!



IT SHALL BE DONE! AND MEANWHILE, WE WILL RAISE A SMOKESCREEN TO COVER OUR OPERATIONS...BY HAVING OUR PRESS AND RADIO SCREAM THAT THE EXPEDITION IS MERELY A U.S. TRICK TO SMUGGLE SPIES INTO ARMENIA AND DISCOVER OUR DEFENSES THERE!

DAYS LATER...

SEE THAT HEADLINE, LOCKWOOD? ..."**REDS ACCUSE U.S. OF ESPIONAGE EXPEDITION**"...CLAIM NOAH'S ARK SEEKERS ARE SPIES!" WELL, FOR ONCE THEY'RE NOT TOO FAR WRONG...BECAUSE **YOU'RE** GOING TO BE ON THAT EXPEDITION...TO BRING BACK YOUR WIFE!

WHAT? BUT... BUT HOW...?



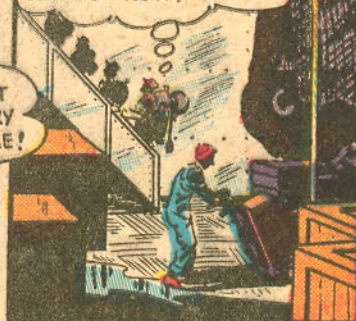
HOW IS UP TO **YOU**...WE'LL JUST ARRANGE TO GET YOU TO THE ARMENIAN BORDER, WHERE WE'VE LEARNED YOUR WIFE IS AT, FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER! BUT **OUR** REASON IS TO HELP YOU OUT...AND TO SEE WHETHER WE CAN ACTUALLY SLIP A MAN BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN IF OUR SECURITY EVER REQUIRED IT! WE FOUND OUT THAT YOUR TANYA HAS BECOME A VERY IMPORTANT RED OFFICIAL, AND THE ONLY WAY TO BRING HER HERE IS TO GO IN THERE AND **GET** HER! ARE YOU WILLING TO TAKE THE RISK?

AMI? JUST LET ANYBODY TRY AND STOP ME!



FINALLY, THE EXPEDITION EMBARKS...

WHEW...I'M STILL GROGGY FROM THOSE THREE DAYS OF INTENSIVE BRIEFING THE COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE BOYS GAVE ME...ON EVERYTHING FROM THE GEOGRAPHY OF MT. ARARAT TO THE ARMENIAN LANGUAGE! I'M EVEN AN AUTHORITY ON **NOAH'S ARK** BY NOW!



ON BOARD SHIP...

SO YOU'RE A REPORTER FOR THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION, LOCKWOOD? GLAD TO HAVE YOU WITH US, MY BOY...I'M DR. THORSEN! I'LL HAVE A **BIG** STORY FOR YOU IF I ACCOMPLISH MY PURPOSE ON THE TRIP...TO TRY TO FIND SOME RADIOACTIVE DEPOSITS ON MT. ARARAT!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, SIR!



WEEKS LATER, AT THE FOOT OF MT. ARARAT...ON THE BORDER BETWEEN TURKEY AND SOVIET ARMENIA...

WELL, HERE WE GO, GENTLEMEN...**NOAH'S ARK OR BUST!** I'LL TAKE THE LEAD, SINCE I'VE MADE CAREFUL STUDIES OF MAPS OF THE MOUNTAIN!

TANYA...**TANYA**...IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE YOU'RE JUST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS PEAK! AND NO MATTER WHAT YOU'RE DOING THERE, I **SWEAR** I'LL FIND YOU AND MAKE YOU COME BACK WITH ME!



UP...UP...ENDLESSLY UPWARD GOES THE TORTUOUS CLIMB ACROSS THE HARSH, CRAGGY FACE OF ANCIENT MT ARARAT! FINALLY, DAYS LATER, AT THE 16,000 FOOT LEVEL...

WHEW...WHAT A CLIMB! BUT IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK HOPELESS... WE'RE ALMOST AT THE SUMMIT, AND WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND ANY TRACE OF THE ARK!

WELL, WE'D BETTER PITCH CAMP HERE FOR A WHILE AND REST BEFORE WE DO ANY MORE SEARCHING!

NOW'S THE TIME FOR ME TO MAKE MY BREAK! IF ONLY I CAN THINK OF SOME EXCUSE TO WANDER AWAY WITHOUT AROUSING ANY SUSPICION...SO THAT I CAN MAKE THE DESCENT DOWN INTO ARMENIA TO TANYA!

NOW'S THE TIME TO MAKE MY MOVE! I'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOME WAY TO GET DOWN TO THE ARMENIAN BORDER WITHOUT AROUSING ANY SUSPICION! I'LL NEED SOMEONE I CAN USE AS AN ALIBI... SOMEONE DUMB... LIKE THAT REPORTER!

COME ON, LOCKWOOD...THERE SEEM TO BE SOME INTERESTING ROCK FORMATIONS DOWN THAT SLOPE...IT'LL MAKE GOOD BACKGROUND MATERIAL FOR YOUR ARTICLE!

THIS IS THE EXCUSE I WAS WAITING FOR!

A **N HOUR LATER, AFTER WANDERING AMONG THE MAZE OF ROCKS...**

I...I SEEM TO BE LOST! I DON'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHERE THE OTHERS ARE...AND WE'RE LIKELY TO STARVE TO DEATH BEFORE WE STUMBLE ON THEM AGAIN IN THESE WILDS! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO...GO DOWN THIS SLOPE AND WAIT FOR THEM IN THE TURKISH MILITARY POST!

WHAT LUCK... THIS IS THE SLOPE DOWN TO THE ARMENIAN BORDER...AND HE DOESN'T KNOW IT!

WELL, HERE WE ARE...AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAIN! THAT TURKISH POST CAN'T BE TOO FAR FROM HERE, AND WE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR THE REST OF THE EXPEDITION...THEY'VE PROBABLY GIVEN UP THAT HOPELESS SEARCH FOR NOAH'S ARK BY NOW!

YEAH, AND NOW THAT WE'RE ON THE ARMENIAN BORDER, MY SEARCH BEGINS...FOR TANYA!

HALT... OR DIE!

WHY, THESE LOOK LIKE ARMENIAN BORDER GUARDS! WE...WE MUST HAVE COME DOWN THE WRONG WAY!

IT SURE LOOKS LIKE IT...BUT BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH WITH THESE BABIES, THEY'LL WISH WE HADN'T!

WITH THE SPEED OF A STRIKING COUGAR...

OOF!

COME ON, THORSEN... PITCH INTO THE OTHERS!

RIGHT... HERE I COME!

BANG!



YOU WERE EXPECTING ME... I AM **THORSEN**... AND TO PROVE IT, I WILL SPEAK THE PASSWORD THAT COMRADE TANYA INSTRUCTED ME TO USE... "**ASSAULT IN ARMENIA!**" NOW LISTEN TO ME CAREFULLY... WHEN THE AMERICAN REVIVES, MAKE SURE YOU TREAT ME AS A PRISONER... BECAUSE HE IS MY ALIBI! I WILL NEED HIS TESTIMONY UPON OUR RETURN TO AMERICA... TO PROVE THAT I GAVE OUT NO INFORMATION!

IT SHALL BE DONE AS YOU SAY, COMRADE THORSEN!

WHEN CHARLES REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

THE SECOND GUARD... HE HIT YOU WITH A RIFLE BUTT JUST AS I WAS SLUGGING THE THIRD ONE! THEY THREATENED TO SHOOT YOU UNLESS I GAVE UP... AND THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE I COULD DO!

AT THE ARMENIAN BORDER CAMP...

WONDER WHY THEY TOOK US HERE... SAY... WHAT'S A GIRL DOING AT A MILITARY POST?

IS IT POSSIBLE... YES... IT... IT'S SHE!



HALT... OR I FIRE!

DON'T... YOU MIGHT HIT HER!



DARLING... I'VE FOUND YOU AT LAST!



TANYA... DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? IT'S CHARLES... YOUR HUSBAND!

IT... IT IS YOU! I... I COULD NOT BELIEVE MY EYES... AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

COMRADE TANYA...WHAT WILD TALK IS THIS? DO YOU **KNOW** THIS MAN?

BRING THE PRISONER TO MY TENT...I WILL INTERROGATE HIM THERE! DO AS I SAY...**QUICKLY!**



OH, DARLING...HOW I'VE LONGED FOR THIS DAY! I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU AWAY WITH ME...NOW...BACK TO THE STATES!

WAIT...TELL ME...HOW...HOW DID YOU FIND ME...HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?



OH, THAT WAS EASY, SWEETHEART...THE UNITED STATES COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE SERVICE FOUND OUT YOU WERE HERE...THEY WERE ANXIOUS TO HELP ME BRING YOU BACK!

WHAT? THE AMERICAN **ESPIONAGE** SERVICE SENT YOU HERE...?



NOW I SEE WHY YOU CAME HERE! YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE ME TO AMERICA BECAUSE YOU **LOVE** ME...BUT BECAUSE YOU WANT ME TO TELL ALL I KNOW TO YOUR SECRET SERVICE! I...I **HATE** YOU...I'LL HAVE YOU PUT TO DEATH!
...GUARDS!



TANYA...DARLING...YOU...YOU **CAN'T** DO THIS! I **KNOW** YOU LOVE ME!

THIS WILL SHOW YOU HOW MUCH I LOVE YOU...**THROW THE PRISONER IN A TENT...AN EXECUTE HIM AT DAWN!**



BUT THAT NIGHT... I...I DON'T CARE **WHAT** HAPPENS TO ME...NOW THAT I KNOW SHE DOESN'T LOVE ME!...THIS POCKET KNIFE I HAD HIDDEN IN MY BOOT OUGHT TO HELP ME **ESCAPE**...



...AND **THIS** TAKES CARE OF THE SENTRY WHO WAS GUARDING ME!



ALL RIGHT, NOW, COMRADE TANYA---TAKE ALL THIS DOWN CAREFULLY---BECAUSE IT WILL ENABLE THE REP SCIENTISTS TO DUPLICATE THE AMERICAN HYDROGEN BOMB! FIRST, 220 POUNDS OF HEAVY HYDROGEN---OR DEUTERIUM---WHEN SET OFF BY A POWERFUL ELECTRIC DISCHARGE THROUGH A THIN WIRE, WILL PRODUCE 24.916 KILOGRAMS OF NEUTRONS---AND AN EXPLOSIVE FORCE EQUAL TO 1,700,000 TONS OF TNT!

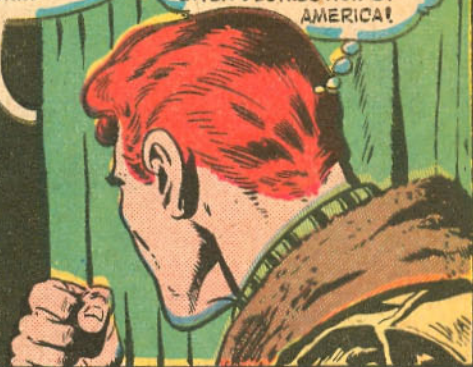


GREAT SCOTT--- THAT'S THORSEN'S VOICE!

AND IF AS MUCH AS A **TON** OF HEAVY HYDROGEN IS INCORPORATED INTO A URANIUM BOMB, THE EXPLOSIVE FORCE WOULD BE EQUAL TO **20 MILLION** TONS OF TNT---OR A THOUSAND TIMES MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE ORDINARY URANIUM BOMB! NOW HERE IS HOW THE TRIGGER MECHANISM WORKS---



THE DIRTY TRAITOR---**NOW** I'M BEGINNING TO SEE IT ALL! HE GAVE ME A PONEY STORY ABOUT BEING LOST SO THAT HE COULD GET DOWN HERE WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION---AND GIVE AWAY SECRETS THAT MIGHT RESULT IN THE UTTER DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA!



OKAY, THORSEN---YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH---AND NOW I'M GOING TO SHUT YOUR MOUTH FOR GOOD!



CHARLES--- YOU!

YES---I! AND THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOY-FRIEND QUIET---



---WHILE I TAKE CARE OF YOU---AND MAKE SURE YOU DON'T START YELLING FOR HELP!



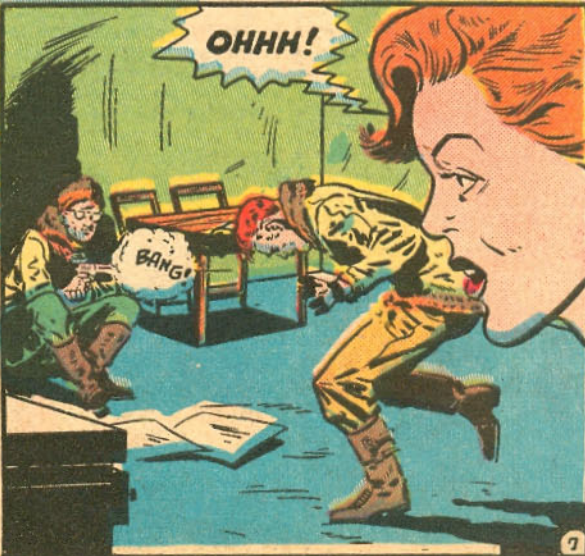
THORSEN ---NO!

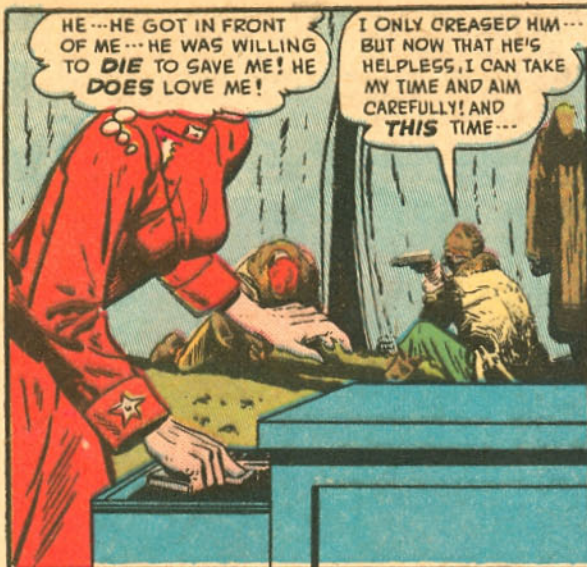
THAT PUNCH--- MADE ME GROGGY ---IF I CAN ONLY KEEP MY HAND STEADY---

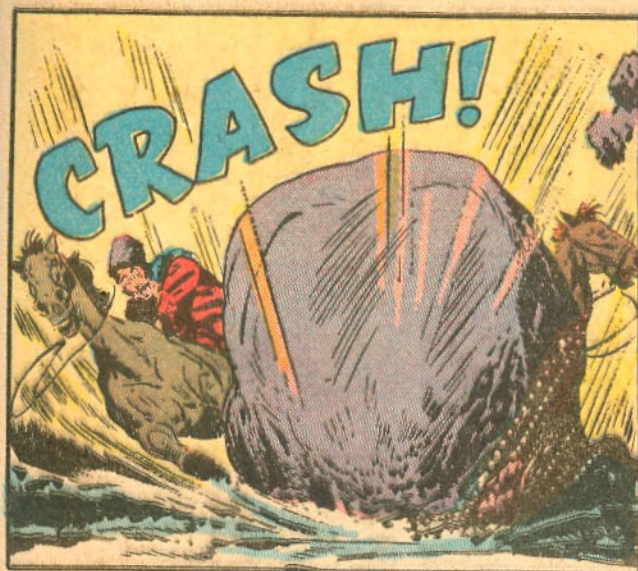
HE'S GOT A GUN! TANYA---GET BEHIND ME!



OHhh!







WE'RE **SAFE** NOW, TANYA! THAT BOULDER COMPLETELY BLOCKS THE TRAIL... IT'LL CUT OFF ANY FURTHER PURSUIT! BUT NOW, TELL ME... WHY DID YOU KILL THORSEN... WHY DID YOU HELP ME ESCAPE?

BECAUSE I...
I LOVE YOU...
DARLING!



YOU SEE, I... I'D FALLEN DESPERATELY IN LOVE WITH YOU DURING OUR MARRIAGE... EVEN THOUGH I'D MARRIED YOU ONLY BECAUSE OUR SECRET POLICE **ORDERED** IT, SO THAT I COULD MORE EASILY GET MILITARY SECRETS FROM YOU! BUT WHEN THE N.K.V.D. TOLD ME THAT YOU MARRIED **ME** FOR THE SAME PURPOSE, I DIDN'T DARE CONFESS TO MYSELF THAT I WAS ACTUALLY IN LOVE WITH YOU... UNTIL I SAW THAT YOU WERE WILLING TO **DIE** TO SAVE MY LIFE!



ONLY **LOVE** COULD HAVE MADE YOU DO THAT... AND IT WAS **LOVE** THAT MADE ME SEE THE LIGHT... THAT FORCED ME TO REALIZE THAT ALL THE THORSENS AND REDS OF THIS WORLD WERE THE IMPLACABLE ENEMIES OF DECENT PEOPLE EVERYWHERE WHO WERE MERELY SEEKING A LITTLE HAPPINESS FOR THEMSELVES! I MADE MY CHOICE, SWEETHEART... I'M ON **YOUR** SIDE NOW!

TILL DEATH DO US PART, DARLING! YOU'RE GOING TO **LOVE** BEING ON THE SIDE OF DEMOCRACY... SHOULDERS TO SHOULDER WITH ALL THE DECENT-HEARTED PEOPLES OF THE WORLD... WITH **ME!**



AND YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THE **UNITED STATES**, WHERE THERE'S NO SECRET POLICE TO TERRORIZE YOU DAY AND NIGHT, NO DICTATOR TO TELL YOU WHAT TO THINK AND HOW TO ACT, NO CONCENTRATION CAMPS AND TORTURE CELLS FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE IN FREEDOM AND JUSTICE! **GOOD OLD U.S.A.--- HERE WE COME!**



TWO WEEKS LATER...

TANYA LOCKWOOD, ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, I AM HAPPY TO WELCOME YOU TO THIS COUNTRY! IN RETURN FOR THE VAST SERVICE YOU'VE RENDERED THE CAUSE OF DEMOCRACY... BECAUSE OF YOUR COOPERATION IN TELLING US ALL YOU KNOW ABOUT THE RED ESPIONAGE AND SABOTAGE AGENTS IN THIS COUNTRY... YOU'RE TO BE GRANTED THE GREATEST OF ALL AWARDS... **UNITED STATES CITIZENSHIP!**



AND NOW I CAN TELL YOU THAT WE **KNEW** EVERYTHING WOULD TURN OUT THIS WAY! AS SOON AS OUR COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE SERVICE FOUND OUT THAT YOU, TANYA, WERE THE CONTACT AGENT FOR RED SPIES IN AMERICA... WE KNEW THAT ONLY **LOVE** WOULD MAKE YOU COME TO THIS COUNTRY AND TELL US ALL YOU KNEW! THAT WAS WHY WE SENT CHARLES... WHO IS NOW THIS COUNTRY'S NEWEST **COUNTER-INTELLIGENCE AGENT!**



The TATTOOED SPY

ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST CLEVERLY EXECUTED SPY TRICKS IN HISTORY TOOK PLACE AROUND 500 B.C., WHEN TWO PERSIAN CHIEFS, HISTIAEUS AND ARISTAGORAS, DECIDED TO RISE UP IN ARMED REVOLT AGAINST DARIUS, KING OF PERSIA---

BUT IT IS DANGEROUS FOR YOU, HISTIAEUS, TO GO TO THE COURT OF DARIUS---HE IS KNOWN TO SUSPECT YOU OF PLOTTING AGAINST HIM!

I MUST GO, ARISTAGORAS---I MUST SPY UPON HIS ARMIES AND DEFENSES SO THAT WE MAY KNOW WHERE AND WHEN TO REVOLT! WHEN I HAVE GATHERED ALL THE NECESSARY INFORMATION, I WILL RETURN---AND WE WILL STRIKE!



BUT WHEN HISTIAEUS ARRIVED AT THE COURT OF KING DARIUS---

GREETINGS, O KING OF ALL PERSIA---I COME WITH PLEDGES OF LOYALTY FROM MYSELF AND MY KINSMAN, ARISTAGORAS!

WELCOME, O HISTIAEUS! MY WHOLE CAPITAL IS OPEN TO YOU, AS BEFITS A CHIEF OF PERSIA---BUT UNTIL I AM CONVINCED OF YOUR LOYALTY TO ME, YOU SHALL NOT LEAVE---NOR SHALL YOU BE ALLOWED TO SEND OUT ANY MESSAGES!



WEEKS LATER---

I HAVE SPIED UPON ALL OF DARIUS' DEFENSES IN THE CAPITAL---I HAVE THOUGHT OUT A COMPLETE PLAN OF REVOLT---AND SOMENOW, I MUST GET THE PLAN BACK TO ARISTAGORAS! BUT THE GUARDS WILL DETECT ANY WRITTEN MESSAGE I TRY TO SEND HIM---HOW CAN I---? WAIT---MY SLAVE IS THE ANSWER!



HISTIAEUS SWIFTLY SHAVED ALL THE HAIR OFF HIS TRUSTED SLAVE'S HEAD, AND THEN BEGAN PRICKING LETTERS WITH A VERY FINE PEN AND TATTOOING INK INTO THE BALD AREA---

AFTER YOUR HAIR HAS ALL GROWN BACK, I SHALL SEND YOU TO ARISTAGORAS---AND WHEN YOU SEE HIM, YOU WILL BID HIM SHAVE YOUR HEAD AND READ MY MESSAGE!

IT SHALL BE DONE, O MASTER!



FINALLY, WHEN THE SLAVE'S HAIR HAD ALL GROWN BACK---

WE HAVE SEARCHED THE SLAVE THOROUGHLY---HE HAS NO MESSAGE HIDDEN ON HIM!



GOOD! THEN WE CAN LET HIM GO---NO SLAVE COULD CARRY THE DETAILS OF OUR DEFENSES IN HIS HEAD!

WHEN THE SLAVE REACHED ARISTAGORAS' CAMP---

BY THE GODS OF BATTLE, HERE IS A COMPLETE PLAN OF ATTACK TATTOOED IN FINE LETTERS---HISTIAEUS DID GET A MESSAGE THROUGH TO ME! TO ARMS---WE REVOLT!



THE REVOLT WAS AT FIRST SUCCESSFUL---UNTIL THE CUNNING HISTIAEUS MADE THE FATAL MISTAKE OF NOT FLEEING IN TIME---AND PAID WITH HIS LIFE!

WHICH ONE SHALL WE SEND YOU?

NEW! AMAZING!

HELLO! I'm **SANDY!**
I drink, I wet, I sleep
and you can
WAVE MY HAIR!

I have **RUBBER WONDERSKIN!**

TERRIFIC VALUE!

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- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
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JINGLE BELLS
THREE LITTLE PIGS
JACK AND JILL
RIP VAN WINKLE
TOM THUMB
ROBINSON CRUSOE
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT
WINKIN WILLIE

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HERE IS CHEVROLET
TUNE-UP CHART

Year	Model	Spark Plug Gap (in.)	Breaker Gap (in.)	Cam Angle (Degrees)
1935	48	.015	.010	15
1936	48	.015	.010	15
1937	48	.015	.010	15
1938	48	.015	.010	15
1939	48	.015	.010	15
1940	48	.015	.010	15
1941	48	.015	.010	15
1942	48	.015	.010	15
1943	48	.015	.010	15
1944	48	.015	.010	15

COVERS CONSTRUCTION,
OPERATION OF
BUICK DYNA-FLOW

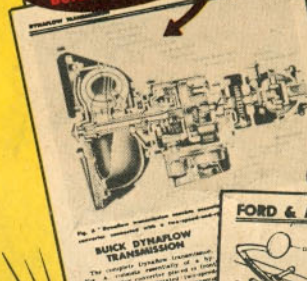


Fig. 1. Buick Dyna-Flow transmission.

HOW TO ADJUST
FORD CLUTCHES

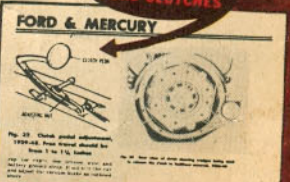


Fig. 2. Ford clutch adjustment.

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COVERS 741 CAR MODELS

Auburn	Ford	Mercury
Bantam	Frazier	Nash
Buick	Hudson	Oldsmobile
Cadillac	Hupmobile	Pierce Arrow
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Plymouth
Chrysler	Lafayette	Pontiac
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